

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

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JAMIE'S HOME.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

The twilight was gathering, on a chill February day, when James Cameron left his counting-room, and took his way homeward. There was a shade upon his brow, a deeper shade on his spirit. A day of unusual business perplexity and care had thoroughly wearied body and mind. Sadly, very sadly, his thoughts ran back over the past seven months, to loving eyes that used to welcome his coming; a gentle voice that ever came in affection's music to his ears; quietly busy hands that made his home replete with comfort. But those eyes were closed in a sleep that should "know not breaking"—that loved voice hushed—those hands resting forever.

Her place was occupied, as to household care and provision, by his maiden aunt, and she had charge of his most precious remaining treasure—a bright, generous-hearted boy of eight years. Two little ones slept beside their mother; and the father's heart turned with a deep yearning towards the boy, his first-born and namesake. His bright brow and eager tones of welcome were the chief attraction in the picture of his home as it rose before his mental vision, and he quickened his tired footsteps, and soon reached his dwelling.

But Jamie did not spring to meet him as he entered. The tea-table stood ready-spread, faultless in its neatness; the fire burned cheerily in the grate; but the tall, spare figure of his aunt rose in sharp contrast with the image in his thoughts; and his boy was not at his side.

"Where is Jamie?" he was about to ask; but his question was forestalled by his aunt's quick tones—"You'll have to do something with that boy, or he will be ruined. He is beyond me."

To the tired, sorrowing man, this was chafing in the extreme. But he tried to speak calmly.

"Where is he? What has he been doing?"

"I locked him up in your room, to stay till you came home," was replied. "He is so utterly disobedient, obstinate, and saucy, that I cannot and will not bear it. If I'm to stay here, and keep your house, and mend all the clothes he contrives to tear, and rend, and burn, I'm to be treated civilly. He ought to have a severe whipping; and, if you value the child's good, you'll give it to him."

"But, aunt, can you not tell me definitely what he has done?"

"I have told you," she answered, sharply, and straightening her figure, "that he won't mind me, and is saucy as he can be—and I won't stand it any longer!"

Mr. Cameron was a man of good principles, a kind heart, and a judgment usually clear; but his mind just then was in so perturbed and wearied a state, that it was difficult for him to see the right course to pursue. He rose from the arm-chair, where he had thrown himself, and, taking a lamp from the mantel, went slowly up stairs, trying to think what to do.

Constant complaints from his aunt, fretted him beyond measure. Hitherto he had paid little heed to them, so far as action was concerned. But the thought occurred to him that it might be Jamie was a very trying boy to govern; he knew him to be full of mischief and roguery, though to him he had always been obedient, and no complaint had ever come from the lips of his gentle mother. Mr. Cameron felt irritated with his aunt, his boy, himself.

and, half resolved to punish Jamie, once for all, he opened his chamber-door.

But the child was not to be seen. A terrible fear shook the father's heart, and he stood a moment as if paralyzed. Had his high-spirited boy been pushed so far by his aunt's overbearing ways and continual chafing, that he could endure it no longer? The bay-window of the room below occurred to his mind. And, though not an easy thing to clamber over it, he knew Jamie's daring spirit would not hesitate to attempt it, should his inclination tend thereto.

But a low, struggling sob met his ear, and, going quickly around the bed, he found his child asleep on the floor, his cheek still wet with tears, his eyelids swollen, and his hands nervously clasping the daguerreotype of his mother. It was too much for the father's heart. Instantly, his vexation melted away, and tears filled his eyes, as he tenderly lifted the boy. Sitting down with him in his arms, he laid Jamie's head on his shoulder, and, taking the picture, gazed long and earnestly upon it. The memory of the hour which wrote its record in fire on his heart, swept over him, and he could not, if he would, put it aside. The meek pleading of those eyes, the earnest tones of his wife, as she said, "James, for my sake, deal tenderly with our boy," came home with a thrilling power.

Jamie awoke, and looked up in his father's face with a half doubtful, half pleading expression, then nestled down to him again.

"Tell me frankly, my boy, what is the difficulty between you and your aunt?" Mr. Cameron spoke very gently. "She says you are disobedient and saucy. But, at any rate, I can trust your honesty, my son."

Well did he know how to approach his child. The same manly and unfailing truth that characterized the one, was fast developing in the other. Roguish, Jamie certainly was; with an indignation which unjust treatment quickly aroused, wilful he could be—but never mean or false.

"You know, father," Jamie began, "Aunt Patty tells me to come directly home from school. Well, to-day, just as school was done (you know it is prime sleighing), Mr. Preston came in a double sleigh, with two splendid horses, to take Frank and Willie to ride, and he asked me to go. The boys wanted me to go very much, and I knew you would be willing, so I went. I ran home from Mr. Preston's without stopping there a moment; but as soon as I came in, Aunt Patty began to scold me for not coming home right after school, and asked

me if I had been a bad boy and kept in, or off playing. I tried to tell her about it, but she would not listen to me. And oh! father, she said mother had spoiled me by her silly indulgence. I could not bear that, father! Indeed I could not—and I said—I guess you won't be troubled, Aunt Patty, with seeing mother again, for she is in Heaven, and it'll be a long time before such people as you get there." Then she called me the most impudent boy anybody was ever plagued with, and said she would teach me better; and she locked me up here, and told me to expect a thrashing when you came home, for I richly deserved it. Oh, father! I try to mind her, but she is so strict, and fussy, and cross. Mother never fretted me—it was easy to be good with her—and she used to love me, and call me her good boy, and her blessing. Oh, father! I wish we could go to mother now, and let Aunt Patty have the house to herself." And the boy again burst into tears.

His father tenderly soothed him, and, when he was quieted, said gently—

"My son, you were not to blame for going to ride. I am always glad of your having a reasonable pleasure, as you know. And I certainly do not wonder that you were grieved and impatient at what Aunt Patty said. But do not lay it up against her. She tries to do right, I think; but she is very different from your sunny-tempered mother—and, indeed, there are few like mother. Aunt Patty has never been used to children; and has had a good deal of crossing and trouble in her life. I think she cared for mother, though she always thought her too lenient with you. Now, what I want of you, what will help to comfort me, is to be kind and respectful to Aunt Patty, and let little things pass without notice. She takes good care of your clothes, and, if you were sick, would do anything for you in her power. Tea must be ready by this time."

Jamie went down stairs with his father, and quietly took his place at the table. Aunt Patty looked keenly at the child across the tea-tray, and, noting his swollen eyelids, inferred that the prescribed dose of birch-oil had been duly administered; and, though pluming herself thereon greatly, began to feel some relentings towards the little patient; for her heart was not really hard, but her temper was quick; her early life had been marked by bitter disappointment, and, while the worst aspect of every one around her seemed to be ever the most prominent to her view, she knew no government but that of fear.

"You'll have to do something with him."

The petulant words recurred to Mr. Cameron's mind, as he stood that night beside his sleeping child, and for days Jamie's tearful face seemed to follow him, and his words to ring in his ears.

"Poor boy! I shall, indeed," he thought; "but not as you mean it, Aunt Patty!"

"For the sake of his mother, Emily, will you take Jamie to board with you awhile, at least, through the summer?"

These were the concluding lines of a letter which found its way, a few months later, to a pleasant country home about twenty miles distant. Emily Clement, to whom it was addressed, was the playmate of his own and his departed Anne's childhood, and in after years the dear and trusted friend of his wife. Her gentle tones often made music in their home while Anne lived, and her sweet face was linked in Jamie's mind with that of his mother.

She was scarcely twenty-eight; but one sorrow had swept over her, piercing to the very depths of her womanhood. At the time of Anne's marriage, she was betrothed to one truly worthy her guileless heart. But her hope found no earthly fruition. Through the slow wasting of consumption, she ministered to her lover with the tenderness and devotion of a wife, and with his hand clasped in hers, received his farewell kiss. For a season she was overwhelmed; but she arose from the baptism of grief with a new strength and depth of character, an endurance born only of pain. The parting from Anne Cameron was another severe trial. But so quietly and earnestly she went about her daily duties, so cheerful was she in her home, that not even her father, mother, or sister knew how deeply she was wounded.

She readily consented to receive little Jamie, and the father's mind was relieved of its immediate perplexity.

"So far, so good," he said to himself, as he folded her letter. "It may be that Jamie can remain a year or two with Emily, and attend school in her neighborhood; but at any rate, this gives me several months to look about and determine what to do."

Jamie was wild with delight at the prospect of an entire summer with his "Aunt Emily," as he had called her ever since his babyhood. At the thought of absence from his father, however, his feelings wavered; but the arrangement finally made, included a weekly visit from the latter, from Saturday night till Monday morning.

It was not strange that these visits prepared

the way for a change in Mr. Cameron's half-formed plans, or that they imparted to Emily's quiet life a warmer coloring; for, be it remembered, they did not meet as strangers, but as lifetime friends, with a congeniality of character, taste, and culture, many ties and associations in common, and a like sorrow. The summer was far advanced ere either realized how dear the other had become. Emily was startled when she found herself looking forward to Mr. Cameron's coming with a nervous eagerness, and dreading the approach of autumn; while upon her friend's mental vision arose more and more frequently, pictures of a home rebuilt and reconsecrated by a holy affection and an earnest life.

"Emily," he said to her, one evening, as they sat in the summer twilight, on their return from a woodland ramble with Jamie, when the boy had said good-night, "our loved ones await us at home; but will our life-journey, or our re-union, be less blessed, if we walk side by side, and hand in hand, each ministering to the other, mutually guiding Anne's child, and truly loving, though not for the first time?"

Early in October, for Miss Clement's true heart and strong practical sense justified her friend's reasoning against delay, a quiet wedding occurred at Chestnut Glen, and Mr. Cameron, with Emily and Jamie, returned to his city home.

A new day had dawned for Jamie. His wants were again supplied with a loving, as well as faithful care. His faults found no license, but met a firm, though gentle, correction. Encouragement and appreciation of real effort never failed him, and the daily, hourly influence of her who proved, in all save birth, truly a mother, was as sunshine to the flower, while his father found his home all that had been its wont; and though his sainted one was never displaced in thought or affection, Emily was all he could ask, and loved as she deserved to be.

What did people say?

"Only a year since his wife died! What a shame!"

Many persons have lived to bitterly regret that they did not use their money for some permanent good to humanity while they had it. In the revolutions of business it passed away, and left no blessing behind it. They had missed the opportunity to get from it its real value. It was the talent buried, and,

necessarily, it became the talent lost.

HARRY'S VALENTINE.

A CITY SKETCH.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

The facile pen of Charles Dickens has invested the character of Richard Swiveller with such a veil of good humor and of fun, he is so irresistible in his grotesque wit and comic pranks, that we rather excuse than condemn the fascinating ne'er-do-weel. Nay, many of the thoughtless are tempted to emulate rather than to pity, much less despise him. They feel as if they could almost be willing to stand in Dick's shoes, if they could have half his cleverness.

But the real character, divested of the haze thrown over it by the genius of the novelist, is a most pitiable one. Better be a street-sweeper, out of debt, than Richard Swiveller, "passing the rosy," and living by his wits.

Another portrait, by another hand, without any comedy at all, but the very tragedy of ambitious foppery and discontented poverty, is Tittlebat Titmouse. His miserable shifts to make a show with paste diamonds and sham jewelry; his wretched fear of small creditors, who haunted his life out; these things are described with a sombre and sardonic fun, which leads you to pity while you smile, and to commiserate poor Tittlebat even more than you despise him.

These characters, and such as these, varying only as their lines of life vary, are always popular with a large class of readers; with, we had almost said, everybody who has the remotest appreciation of genuine humor.

And there is another reason for the enjoyment of this style of character in tales and novels. Man is naturally a spendthrift. The miserly are universally disagreeable. The prudent and thrifty, who can save, and yet not pinch; spend, and still not waste, are rare exceptions to the general rule. There are so few persons who strictly adhere to the maxim, "earn before you spend," so very few who make a conscience of keeping their expenses absolutely within their certain incomes, that to Dick Swiveller and his kindred worthies.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and most people can enjoy the grotesque in such a picture.

Yet, as many a dashing young man might confess, if put upon his purgation, it is anything but pleasant, in the least to resemble the Swiv-

ellers, the Surfaces, the Micawbers, and the Titmouses. Men may laugh at these portraits, but it is as the crowd used to jeer at a poor vagabond in the pillory—with an unconquerable, but unconfessed suspicion that the chief thing which distinguished the more exalted rogue from the rest of them, was the indifferent circumstance of his detection. He was neither better nor worse than those who pelted him with unsavory eggs. He had been discovered and exposed. They had not. And there was no moral difference between them.

So much for introduction—perhaps too much. Now let us present our hero. Let us call him Henry. He was a young man of good education, good address, good looks, and good principles; in the latter a little deficient, perhaps, from a taint of the general infirmity, to which we have alluded above. He had a good character, and, for a young man, a good situation. He had good credit in that line of credit in which young men too easily obtain a footing; that is to say with his landlady, his tailor, his boot-maker, his hatter, and the furnisher of gloves, neck-ties, and other etceteras. In a word, he had open accounts with all the set of tradesmen of whom a young man never should ask credit, and from whom he should never receive it.

There is no need of such a minute extension of the system. The lesser ramifications of retail trade are precisely where cash should be the medium of exchange. When the brooks and streamlets run dry, the great rivers fall; and when petty debtors neglect to pay, heavy dealers make large failures.

Henry had, moreover, lots of friends, from whom he could at any time borrow, for a few days, ten, or fifty, or a hundred dollars. All of this is, we think, very unfortunate for any young man. Archdeacon Paley was wont to say that he always supplied his family with ready money for their purchases, because cash is a check on the imagination, while credit gives wings to extravagance. And the Archdeacon was right.

Henry never needed a second recommendation from his tailor, or any other tradesman, that he should take this or that expensive article. He was easily persuaded, and often bought,

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or rather "ordered" largely, without any persuasion. We say "ordered," because a man can hardly be said to have *bought* anything until he has completed the transaction by paying for it. Henry, too, often completed the wear or consumption of the commodity before the vender presented his demand; and we might almost say that he *always* had done with everything perishable before he paid for it. His accounts appeared to him enormous. He was confident that he was overcharged, and always disposed to suspect that the purchased thing did not equal the seller's recommendation. His bills constantly exceeded his estimates; but how could a young man in his position help himself? Discounts are made only to cash dealers.

Sometimes creditors were importunate. Henry did not fear the sheriff, and there was no danger of a protest; but he did fear exposure to his employer or his friends, and he had a natural horror of the unpleasantness of being "dunned," even if the evil went no farther. Then came the necessity of borrowing, that he might throw a sop, or many sops, to the Cerberus who stopped his way, with as many heads as Briareus had hands. And, after that, he must borrow again to pay former loans, and secure future accommodations by keeping his word. So, in a small way, and without any excuse or necessity, the young man was always in a quandary, like a merchant in hard times, who has more business than capital. All this trouble was purely gratuitous and unnecessary. Henry was a clerk, on a fair salary, enough for any reasonable wants, and if it had not been enough, it was his duty to keep his desires within his ability, and his expenses within his income.

There were no extraordinary calls upon his purse. His mother, though a widow, had a sufficient income for her own wants, and superfluities were generously supplied, unasked, by her brother, Henry's uncle. And he himself was in the receipt of many substantial favors from the same kind relative, who was also his guardian. Still, he ran into debt, and, of course, into danger. He was in danger of losing his manliness and self-respect, and ultimately his sense of honor—one thing he had never yet done, though sorely tempted. He had never asked to borrow money of his mother, though he had hinted to her that he found his salary insufficient. And she, surprised, had consulted his uncle—her wisest course. Of this the young man knew nothing; and while he was plunging from one petty difficulty to another,

that uncle was quietly investigating his affairs. Harassed debtors never make a more deceptive calculation than when they suppose they conceal their necessities; and many small debts make much more noise, and do more harm, than one large one. Musketry is more deadly than heavy ordnance.

Of course, Henry being a young man of no money, and no way of making any, not yet in business for himself, and with no opening before him—of course, we say, such a young man longed for a wife, a house, and a home of his own. The logical way of reaching these desiderata is to secure the means of maintaining a wife and a house. Henry was a great ladies' man, really appreciating the sex, and knowing well not only how to choose, but also knowing whom he had chosen. But he was in no condition to make his choice understood by the object of it. We mean that he dared go no farther than to exhibit the evidence of indefinite friendship. Probably—nay, certainly—the lady knew as well as he where his heart lay.

But women are better accountants than men. They have a greater horror of debt and of dependence. They dread any condition which shall impair their right to free action, and they know that no command of a despot is more dreadful than the very bland request, "Please pay," made to a man who cannot do it. No woman worth having will hamper herself with a man whose notions of economy are loose, and whose expenses habitually exceed his means. She may love, for she cannot help that; but she will not marry, for she can control her lips against the words, "I will honor, obey," and the rest of it. She cannot honor one whom she may love, yet pities and almost despises; and she will not pledge herself to obey, where obedience would conduct her through wilful waste to woful want. And if she is truly prudent, she will not only determine against wedlock, but suppress all advances, and prevent her lover from becoming "pronounced," while she is studiously careful not to commit herself. She may love, but she keeps her secret.

Two courses lie before the gentleman in such a case. He may deceive the lady he would win, and conceal from her the actual condition of his affairs. Then, you say, he is no gentleman. In truth, he is not; and whether in reputation he may be one or not, depends upon his success. Many an insolvent, by skilful management and incessant effort, keeps up a sort of credit while he lives; and many a hus-

band is in that category. But Henry was not prepared to obtain a wife under false pretences. He would not have deceived in a case like this, if he could; and he could not, if he would.

Women have a wonderful skill in seeing through and through the petty shifts of young bachelors who live beyond their incomes. And the lady of his choice was among the most discerning. Gladly would she have suffered love to plead for him. Love did plead; but it was against a union which she knew would be sure misery.

The other course, the logical one, of which we have already spoken, seemed closed to Henry. And it was even more hopelessly closed at this time, than he knew. His employers were becoming aware of his extravagance; and although he had, so far, done nothing to betray their trust in him, yet, with mercantile sagacity, they were carefully watching. How many a young spendthrift is the unconscious object of similar surveillance! Henry was more likely to be dismissed from his clerkship than taken into the copartnership, to which his uncle had encouraged him to look. And that uncle, who had once stood ready to back him with capital, was, as we have seen, even more anxious and doubtful about him, than his employers were.

We wish we could be assured that such cases are uncommon, and that the desperate follies into which the young man plunged were without parallel. He made the too common mistake of thinking that prudence and economy would be a confession of poverty. He thought that to assure his standing with his creditors, it was absolutely necessary that he should increase his obligations to them, rather than cease purchases for which he had no means of payment. Was this strictly honest? We suspect there is but one answer. But what shall we say of those who knew that the disgrace of exposure would probably induce his uncle, well known as a man of substance, to interpose; and who still credited, adding a large percentage for the risk they run? There are dishonest creditors as well as debtors, and neither are prepared to confess the justice of the term as applied to them.

The annual holidays had come and passed. Henry had distributed presents like a prince. He had indulged himself, moreover, in personal extravagance far beyond his means; far, indeed, beyond what correct taste would have warranted, had his means been ample. He prided himself upon his fondness for the society of ladies, but he had not learned that, though women amuse themselves with fops, they de-

spise them. One there was who grieved over his folly without remark, and without subjecting herself to witness. She kept her secret.

Among the absurdities of fashion which have come in and gone out, everybody remembers the large outlay, a few years since, for expensive and richly ornamented missives, called "Valentines." We are ashamed to say how much our friend disbursed in this tawdry and high-priced nonsense. Suffice it, that the fifteenth of February found him with his debts increased; all the ready money which should have diminished those debts, wasted; sundry new I. O. U.'s, issued for money borrowed; his landlady, very solemn over her long-accrued demand, and his creditors, very polite, but very urgent. As he sat in his room, condoling with himself over the situation, and laying out plans for temporary relief on the morrow, the servant brought him one of those tasteful affairs called "Valentines." He scarce waited to be alone—but he did wait—before he opened it. It was the first crumb of comfort he had seen in many a day, and his heart fairly palpitated in pleased surprise, that some of his many investments in that line were now to be returned to him. He might have suspected a trick; for insults were often conveyed in this manner, but the getting up was too elegant, and the thing too costly. He unfolded the gilt and satin paper. He took off layer after layer of beautiful perforated work, rivalling the purest lace, and found, as the precious kernel in this costly husk—**HIS TAILOR'S BILL!**

No doubt the young man was excusable for being in a passion. He jumped up and took his hat; but what could he do in the matter? What could he say to snip—how rate, how face him, with that terrible account extant, some of the items of which were more than a year old? He was in the man's power. He should only look foolish. And just then the thought came that nobody would sympathize with him in his anger, while everybody who should hear of so capital a joke would laugh at him unmercifully. What a dilemma!

Again an interruption. The servant announced his uncle. Henry would rather have seen anybody else just then—he would much have preferred to have seen nobody. But there was no help for it. He crushed the Valentine, tailor's bill and all, into the leg of a new pair of boots which stood in the corner, and received his visitor with what grace he might. We are afraid, being pre-occupied, and, as we said, very angry, and obliged, too, to conceal his uneasi-

ness, that Henry was not very good company. But his uncle seemed not to notice it.

"Oh," thought Henry, "if he *would* say something about putting me in business!" But he did not.

"Really, my boy," said the old gentleman, with a glance at the corner of the room, "one might think you were going into the boot trade—one, two, three pairs! And they cost money now."

Henry's eye followed his uncle's. Horror of horrors! The Valentine was sticking out! What if the old gentleman should examine the stock? He was curious in leather.

"I *have* too many," said Henry, faintly, while the perspiration stood on his forehead; "but they shall last me for a year."

"That's right, that's right!" said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye, which Henry might have detected, had he dared to look the old gentleman in the face. "But it's getting late, and I must be going."

"I wish you were gone now!" *thought* Henry; but he said, with very awkward politeness, "Don't hurry, uncle. It's quite early yet."

"How early, Harry? What time have you? Now, really, that's an elegant watch. I wish I could afford one like it."

"You, uncle! You might wear one in each of your pockets. I can't really *afford* a silver one, to say nothing of this!"

Henry's repentance was betraying him. His uncle watched him keenly, and took the time-piece, a new purchase, in his hand.

"If you really can't afford it, Harry—and I don't think you can—I'll take it off your hands. Name the figure."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"That is rather stiff. I'll take it, though. Come to me to-morrow, and I'll give you a check. Meanwhile, wear my old one till you can afford a better. Let it teach you to keep time in your promises to pay."

As the old gentleman took his leave, he said to himself—"There's hope of that boy yet. He shall have my check to-morrow—but I have given him a *check* to-night that is worth more to him."

As to Henry, he was pleased, puzzled, frightened; and yet—hoped for something, he knew not what. There's a deal of wisdom in not saying too much; and Henry's uncle was wise.

On the morrow, the tailor was paid out of the proceeds of the watch. Not an unnecessary word was said till the receipt was given. Then

the tradesman very obsequiously hoped for new orders.

"I would not have given that account to your uncle, but he came and demanded it. I had perfect confidence that I should get my money."

"Oho!" thought Henry. "It's all right," he said, "and the bill should have been settled long ago." But he did not begin a new account then, or afterwards.

The newest new boots were returned the same day as a misfit. So, indeed, they were; but if Henry had not been in funds to pay his bill, he could not have returned them. And here, too, he declined to give a new order.

He spent the evening with his uncle, who waited at home under the impression that his nephew would certainly drop in. All that was said, it is unnecessary to record; but Henry's employers were delighted with the change that took place in him afterwards. His absent manner at times, and his forced spirits at other times, disappeared. He was himself again—cheerful, collected, attentive and useful. The secret was, that the worry of petty debt was removed.

And the lady of his choice ceased to repel him. The encumbrance to intercourse was removed. And the chances are, that still further progress will be made, at no very distant day; for the sign of Henry's employers has now the abbreviation, "& Co.," as a finish; and uncle has advanced the money to secure a neat but comfortable dwelling in one of the pleasantest parts of as pleasant a city as the Union boasts—the City of Brotherly Love.

The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you "I am here," there is an end to it.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will have occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Is gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate and blind;
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.

COWPER.

JEAN INGELOW.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

It is not long since Jean Ingelow's poetry became familiar to American ears, charming them with a sudden pleasure. And many of us can remember wondering what it was pleased us so. Not rhythmic sweetness alone, rich as were the modulations and cadences we found; for Tennyson had already given us the perfection of lyric harmony. Not grandeur of imaginative thought; for Elizabeth Browning's seat among the clouds and high sunshine of Parnassus, we saw was yet unapproached by woman. All the poets and picture-writers of England had brought the scenery of the mother-land before us, until we were almost as familiar with her peaks and trim hedges as with our own wild prairies, or fields rudely enclosed by stone walls and Virginia fences. And yet, here were poems full of England and its scenery, as bright and new to us as if we had never heard of that country before. The antique style, too, which so often gives to verse a pedantic or artificial air, was used with perfect naturalness by this modern pen. We had seen nothing so good of the kind since Chatterton's fine forgeries. What was the secret that held us listeners, forgetting, for the time, Tennyson's flute-music, and Mrs. Browning's glimpses of unknown worlds—what was it made obsolete expressions sound so like our familiar speech, and the daisied fields and hedgerows of England

"Look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them?"

The answer is plain enough. Genius only possesses the enchanter's wand. We had found a new poet in Jean Ingelow. Running from poem to poem through the volume, we find unity in variety; the writer's personality appearing through all in a wise, though sometimes sad earnestness, and a repressed force of thought and passion; yet, after the manner of genius, bursting into various bloom of gayety or pathos through its different zones.

The first poem, "Divided," seems to strike the key-note of a lonely life. It is a summer morning of sunshine and bird-singing lived over again in the shadows of memory; and the woman's word of faith with which it closes, impresses itself upon the reader with a deeper solemnity than any possible tragic ending.

Yet how the "changes whirr" through it—how the larks, and bees, and grasshoppers en-

liven it—how the "tiny bright beck" broadens to the bridgeless river, through its

"Purple of foxglove and yellow of broom."

How the beauty grows as the sorrows of separation deepens, while the innocent stream looks up, half consciously—

"For her long grass parteth,
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back."

Still there is "glorious weather," "a rose flush tender" in the air, and the splendor of light on the broad silver river to the very end. Our poetess will never allow sorrow to be the final word of sorrow.

"Honors" could only have been written at the present period, in an age which

—"takes account
Of tangled star-dust."

In a few verses, history, astronomy, and geology are poetically epitomized, and the questionings of philosophy roll up, billow-like, along the slow swell of its rhythm. To read this and "A Star's Monument," is like watching planets that come and go through mist, or catching glimpses of sea, and shore, and anchored ships amid curling fog-wreaths. Jean Ingelow is especially fond of such sea-gleams, both for their own beauty, and as illustrations of her thoughts.

An ocean picture of this kind is thus graphically painted:—

"My well beloved friend, at noon to-day
Over our cliffs a white mist lay unfurled,
So thick, one standing on the brink might say,
'Lo, here doth end the world.'

"A white abyss beneath, and naught beside;
Yet hark! a cropping noise not ten feet down,
Soon I could trace some browsing lambs that hied
Through rock-paths cleft and brown.

"And here and there green tufts of grass peered
through;
Salt lavender and sea-thrift: then behold,
The mist subsiding ever, bared to view
A beast of giant mould.

"She seemed a great sea-monster lying at ease
With all her cubs about her; but deep, deep,
The subtle mist went floating; its descent
Showed the world's end was steep.

"It shook, it melted, shaking more, till lo!
The sprawling monster was a rock, her brood
Were boulders, whereon sea-mews white as snow
Sat watching for their food.

"Then once again it sank—its day was done;
Part rolled away, part vanished utterly;
And, glimmering softly under the white sun
Behold! a great white sea!

Naturally the analogy follows, between mist and doubt:

"Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
All sweetest colors in its dimness same;
A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding, we misname.

A ripple on the inner sea, which shakes
Those images that on its breast reposed.
A fold upon a wind-swayed flag, that breaks
The motto it disclosed."

These longer poems, rich as in subtle beauty and high suggestions, are not the best in the book. They carry us too far into the mazes of mental inquiry. We lose our way in their windings of thought, find the cheer of the metre again, drop it to pick up some rare gem or pebble, and are again bewildered in a strange thicket—always of strong-rooted thoughts or lovely fancies, however—in which it is as pleasant to wander as to keep in the main path.

But this fault, if it is one, is the fault of the age.

Wide speculations, introspective searchings after the meaning and purpose of life, these are not poetry, but they are so woven and grounded into modern thought, that most modern verse is tinged with their color. We complain of this; we say that the simplicity of poetry is destroyed by this mingling of metaphysics; but would it not be better to accept it as the inevitable fact, and endeavor to grasp the good it brings?

Otherwise than it is, poetry would not be the true voice of the age, which is one of boundless speculation. We might as well find fault with the romantic minstrelsy of William the Norman's time, for lacking the breadth of Shakespeare, and the loftiness of Milton, as to carp at modern writers for not playing upon one string when they have been familiar with the whole key-board from childhood.

Philosophy is not poetry; yet the best of modern poetry has a tinge of philosophy which gives it an atmospheric charm like that of sun-touched mist upon mountain summits. In Chaucer and the old ballads, everything is clear to the five senses, and nothing is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." That was the childhood of the modern time, when fancy played among the meadow-blossoms like a child, and only saw that they were yellow, white or red. Charming as the simplicity of the old songs is, it is no matter of regret that we live at a time when a poet can say that to him

"The meanest flower that grows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Wordsworth and Browning are outgrowths of the age, and can no more be spared from it than the Atlantic telegraph and the portrait-paint-

ings of the sun. Neither could we spare the introspective thought from Jean Ingelow's verse; for then we should have less of herself.

But ballads are written in modern times, too, and our most philosophical poets have produced some of the simplest. Witness "Alice Fell," "We are Seven," and the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Jean Ingelow's ballads are among the best of her poems. She enters into the heart of her peasant heroes and heroines as if she were one of them, "a maiden with a milking-pail," or a damsel "at the ironing-board." She goes back to the very heart and soul of childhood, too, in her "Songs of Seven," and there is scarcely a sweeter chant of love and bereavement in all English poetry than her "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." This universally admired poem is the tersest in expression, and perhaps the best finished artistically, of any in the volume. One never wearies of hearing it or reading it, any more than of listening to the sound of the sea. And the echo of the obsolete words, whether they are understood or not, heightens its beauty, partly by adding a sort of mystery, and partly because they are really fine sonorous Saxon. But were it *only* artistic, it would have far fewer admirers. It is the deep pathos breathing through it, a fitting soul for so exquisite a form, which takes all hearts captive. The whole of a mourner's complaint is compressed into the few strong words:

"But each will mourn his own, she saith:
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath"
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth."

"Requiescat in Pace" is written with a painful vividness. The supernatural is touched with a marvellous power, rarely seen, except in such poems as "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner." It is full of strong contrasts of color, which seem to grow out of the sorrow they enhance. The scarlet flakes of sunset drifting over the water, lighting up the cliffs and the town and the breasts of the white sea-birds with "that strange flush," give a lurid enchantment to the picture. Like Turner, Miss Ingelow makes scarlet the symbol of desolation and death. She must have studied her colors well before laying them on; and, yet this poem has the terrible intensity of a real vision and a real agony. Intense as the picture is, its tints are drowned in the solemn pathos of closing:

"I rose up, I made no moan, I did not cry or falter,
But slowly, in the twilight, I came to Cromer town.
What can wringing of the hands do that which 's ordained to alter?

He had climbed, had climbed the mountain; he would ne'er come down.

"But O, my first! O, my best! I could not choose but love thee;

O, to be a wild white bird, and seek thy rocky bed! From my heart I'd give thee burial, pluck the down, and spread above thee:

I would sit and sing thy requiem on the mountain head.

"Fare thee well, my love of loves! would I had died before thee!

O, to be at least a cloud, that near thee I might flow!

Solemnly approach the mountain, weep away my being o'er thee,

And veil thy breast with icicles, and thy brow with snow!"

More subdued and prolonged is the sorrowful sweetness of "The Four Bridges." In its richness of lingering description, its linking of beauty into beauty, until our eyes moisten at the climax, the discovery of Eglantine's name on the white slab in the church, this poem reminds us of Keats; in the slow, Æolian melody of its stanzas, of Spenser. Jean Ingelow is no imitator, but one can guess that Keats and Spenser are her favorite poets. She breathes the same rich atmosphere; her thoughts, like theirs, are saturated with music and brightness. One of the loveliest bits of poetical description, is in Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes:"—

"Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died."

"Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon.
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for Heaven."

But does it much surpass this?

"A little waxen taper in her hand,
Her feet upon the dry and dewless grass,
She looked like one of the celestial band,
Only that on her cheeks did dawn and pass
Most human blushes; while the soft light thrown
On vesture pure and white, she seemed yet fairer
gown."

"O happiness! thou dost not leave a trace
So well defined as sorrow. Amber light
Shed like a glory on her angel face,
I can remember fully, and the sight
Of her fair forehead and her shining eyes,
And lips that smiled in sweet and girlish wise."

"I can remember how the taper played
Over her small hands, and her vesture white;
How it struck up into the trees, and laid
Upon their under leaves unwonted light;
And when she held it low, how far it spread
O'er velvet pansies slumbering on their bed."

Keats was "of imagination all compact;" he well deserved the crown he won, but died too early to enjoy. He was at home on the flowery slopes of Olympus, sitting knee-deep among the

honey-laden blossoms; but he did not know so well as our poetess does, that flowers have souls; his buds are not vestal-like, as hers are, with the dews of womanly purity. Madeline, sweet and true as she is, lacks something of the spiritual grace of Eglantine. But then a woman's picture of a woman ought to be truer than a man's, as it must be painted more from sympathy than imagination.

Out of this clear perception of womanliness, is written "The Letter L," a noble lyric of marriage, which portrays also real manliness, and gives the fine contrast between the bold, false, fascinating "lady," and the simple-hearted, loving woman by whose calm homeradiance the misleading splendor of the former is eclipsed.

We might say that Jean Ingelow's poetry is characterized by beautiful conservatism. Her women are the same gentle, home-loving maids and matrons that English poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, have delighted to paint. The gray church-spire is in the background of her finest landscapes. Her thoughts cling to the moss-grown, picturesque loveliness of the past, and they seldom, if ever, stray from the shores of her beloved England. She loves the old paths, the old people, and the old names for bird and blossom. The "culver," and the "flittermouse," and the "cuckoo-pint," are only the pigeon, and bat, and wild turnip, after all; but in poetry, at least, there is much in a name. Only the old-fashioned names carry us back to the old country, where these common objects were christened; and the earlier title has almost always the sweeter sound.

A lingering movement our poetess evidently best enjoys. She loves to let her thought drift on, like an unmoored boat, over the slow surge of the verse. In this, again, she is like Spenser. The sea is her grand aspiration. Its sound echoes through her poems, a shaping melody; and there is scarcely one of them which does not give us a glimpse of its blue breadth, and a white sail courtesying and swaying thereon.

At the foundation of her poetry, there is good sense and a close observation of nature. This first quality is sometimes held to belong exclusively to prose. But the poetry, which is all sentiment and imagination is not that which has been permanent. The luxuriant vines may hide the rocks and soil with their overgrowth, but the solid earth must be there, or the blossoms will have no root. Poetry is only occasionally an air-plant.

Here, you feel that there is a character guiding the pen through flowery furrows. "The

reason firm, the temperate will, unwavering faith and patience, are perceptible through the rose-flush of feeling, and the changeful lights and shadows of fancy. You find, also, that the poetess has sat down and listened reverently to the teachings of Nature. She knows the ways of all the harmless things that come forth to make themselves glad in the summer sunshine, and with them she is in close sympathy. She has heard "the lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat," and how "the blue martins gossiped in the sun;" and she has watched the sand-martins, when they have

—"ta'en a sandy plot,
And scooped another Petra there,"

no less fondly than the unfolding on the lawn of

—"the buttercups,—
That field o' the cloth of gold."

She says, through the lips of her "Scholar:"

"And I admired and took my part
With crowds of happy things the while:
With open velvet butterflies
That swung, and spread their peacock-eyes,
As if they cared no more to rise
From off their beds of camomile.
The black caps in an orchard met,
Praising the berries while they ate;
The finch that flew her beak to whet
Before she joined them on the tree;
The water-mouse among the reeds—
His bright eyes glancing black as beads,
So happy with a bunch of seeds—
I felt their gladness heartily."

From these humble teachers she has received stores of such wisdom as is seldom found in books. But all that she writes bears also the traces of wide intellectual culture. She has not made verse-writing merely a pastime. Through cultivation like hers, the poet ripens into the unconscious teacher; for noble ideals, and a truthful translation of Nature's "various language," are the best of all educators.

Still, for real preaching, where is there finer than that of the white-haired man in "Brothers, and a Sermon?" Has not every one at some time heard within himself the echo of these words?

"Early and late my heart appeals to me;
She says, 'I would not be
A worker for mine own bread, or one hired
For mine own profit. O, I would be free
To work for others; love so earned of them
Should be my wages and my diadem.'"

And what divine ever gave a loftier peroration than this?

"O, God! O, kinsman loved, but not enough!
O, man! with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have tolled along our pathway rough,
Whose lips draw human breath!

"Deign, O Watcher, with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning—deign reply;
Is there, O, is there aught that such as Thou
Wouldst take from such as I?"

"Are there no briers across Thy pathway thrust,
Are there no thorns that compass it about?
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
My hands to gather out?"

"O, if Thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay—
Yet my lost pathway go—what aileth me?
There is a better way."

What though unmarked the happy workmen toil,
And break unthanked of men the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing to Him aright the lowliest song,
How that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong."

With so high a standard of life and its work, with so deep a feeling of living "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye," Jean Ingelow cannot fail to write words which will be an inspiration in other lives. She has already done so; and from a singer like her, sweeter and nobler utterances are to be listened for, through the long, enriching years.

OUR DWELLINGS.—Ah! if one could go through all his soul, hall by hall, chamber by chamber, story by story, and see how vast the mansion is, how it gets out of repair on every side, and how many vermin are perpetually seeking to make lodgement in it, he, methinks, might afford to have as much anxiety for that soul as a housewife has for her house, whose work begins with every day and never ends; and who, with brush and broom, and with servant following, incessantly searches, searches, searches. And yet, some shingle is off, some paint is gone, some glass is broken, rats and mice are in the walls and partitions, here and there are webs with their victims on them, and dust and dirt are everywhere. You cannot keep even a house in order; and when that house is this wondrous house of the soul, with a population such as no city ever had, and with trooping thoughts and feelings that no army ever equalled for numbers, is there no occasion for apprehension on account of that?—*Beecher.*

Age, in its highest idea, is no mere matter of birthdays. The oldest man, truly so called, is he who, giving a free and cheerful recognition to life, in its depth, variety, and majesty, has enjoyed the largest number of agreeable spiritual experiences, and retains them vividly before his mind.

PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER III.—PAULINE'S FIRST EXPERIENCE IN "BOARDING 'ROUND."

"Mother, here is the new school ma'am come," announced Johnny Stevens, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by Pauline as she strolled up the lilac-shaded path that led to the house.

"Dear me! and we've got griddle cakes for supper. I thought she'd go to Miss Brown's to-night," murmured Mother Stevens a little querulously.

"Well, you see, mother, I guess she didn't know rightly where to go," Johnny volunteered to explain. "Nobody didn't ask her to go anywhere, and father's bein' a committee man—sh—here she comes."

"Good afternoon, Miss!" spoke Mistress Stevens, in a resigned tone, as she went to the door. "You're the schoolma'am, I s'pose. Walk right int' th' other room. My daughter 'Mandy's' there."

"My daughter 'Mandy,'" a ruddy, blooming lass, with an ambition to be pale and slender, dropped her sewing precipitately, and came forward to take Pauline's hat and sack, remarking, with great complaisance, "We're having quite a pleasant day." To which profoundly original observation Pauline responded, absently, "Yes; very much," and dropped into the stiff-backed chair ostentatiously set forth for her occupation, exactly in front of the "chimney-piece," on which vases of fruit, and figures of angels, sheep, kittens, and unclassified birds in plaster Paris, were arranged with a gradual ascent towards the centre-piece, and a corresponding downward slope, describing a Gothic roof with utmost precision. Madam Stevens and her daughter 'Mandy evidently had the "bump" of order very largely developed. The figure of the carpet durst cut no extravagant capers in their presence, but placed demurely in painfully glaring stripes straight through the room; the pattern of the wall-paper, it ran up and it ran down in unflinching, incorruptible lines; the green paper shades were rolled to an exact level on all the windows, beneath every one of which two chairs stood primly facing each other; the table, with folded leaves, in a starched white spread, hugged the wall under a looking-glass with a landscape at the top, and upon it some books were piled in the

form of a pyramid, wearing such a touch-me-if-you-dare look, that one must be brave indeed who could disturb it without fear and trembling.

The atmosphere of the room seemed to communicate some of its qualities to Pauline, and she sat bolt upright in her chair, with her hands precisely folded, answering with exactness the questions with which Miss 'Mandy' plied her, as, how many scholars had she? Did she ever teach school before? and how did she think she would like Hemlock Hollow? and how much did her dress cost per yard? until to her great relief came a welcome summons to supper.

Here the good matron, after the fashion of many excellent housewives, was fain to make some excuses for faults imperceptible to other eyes than hers. She hoped Miss Dudley wouldn't look round much—she hadn't finished her spring cleaning as yet, and she did wish she would try to make out a supper, though she hadn't anything very tempting, to be sure; in fact, if one might believe the good woman, she had nothing fit to set before Christian folks. Her cakes lacked their usual lightness, her butter was uncommonly poor, her tea was overdrawn, and—

But her excellent husband, the twelve shilling committee man, cut her apologies short by a majestic wave of his hand, and said he, with mighty impressiveness—

"Wife, what's good enough for me, is good enough for my boarders, and if Miss Dudley don't like our fare, she's welcome to go where she can get better."

Wife subsided, with a little embarrassed laugh, and a deprecating glance at Pauline, who bowed low over her plate in response to the honestly spoken sentiment of her host.

"Did you meet a young gentleman and a little girl in a carriage, when you were coming?" asked 'Mandy, abruptly, with a desire to change the subject of conversation. "A very handsome gentleman, Miss Dudley," she added, seeing Pauline's look of uncertainty. "Dark brown beard, and beautiful brown curling hair," (here Hiram Smith, the "hired man," whose hair was red, sniffed contemptuously) "and such expressive eyes. He was driving a span of splendid bays—"

"And the alfredest shiney kerridge—my

eyes! you could see your face in it," put in Johnny, from the other end of the table.

Pauline recollected with an odd smile which Miss 'Mandy didn't understand, that such an establishment had passed the school-house as she was leaving it. Was the handsome gentleman a particular friend of Miss Amanda?

"La! don't ask such improper questions," simpered the yellow-haired damsel, with a blush and a side-glance at Hiram. "It was young Mr. Bryan, from the city."

"You've heered of the Bryans?" said Mistress Stevens, interrogatively and affirmatively. "Dreadful rich folks they be. Own a power of land hereabouts, an' a big mansion house that was built by young George's grandfather. The family haven't lived here much, late years, only once in a while, in the summer, some of 'em would come and stay a month or two with the tenant folks. But this spring, George, he thought he'd try his hand at farming, an' has come on with the whole family—the old gentleman is dead, you know—and they've got the house rigged up in fine style, I tell ye."

"George's health is poor," said 'Mandy, sympathetically, "and he says he's going to try what country habits can do for him."

"He's reaped a pretty plentiful crop of wild oats, ye see, and now he's goin' to put in a few proper ones," remarked Farmer Stevens, facetiously.

"Great farmer he'll make, I reckon," growled Hiram, flourishing his knife in the double capacity of meat-axe and shovel—"don't know beans from barley."

"Well, of course it isn't expected that he will do the work of hired hands," replied 'Mandy, with a toss of her head. "He'll just oversee and take charge of the business. He brought a whole box of agricultural books with him, and studies them a great deal—says farming is a real scientific pursuit, or something like that."

"Scientific fiddlestick!" ejaculated Mr. Stevens, contemptuously; "I guess he'll find he can't learn everything in books. I've been a farmer now goin' on five and twenty years, and never read any your argute cultural books, but I'll bet my brindle steers the aint another man in the county can make more money off a patch o' land than I can;" and the "head committee" compressed his lips and brought down his hand with such emphasis that Pauline, to whom the remark was evidently addressed, bowed, involuntary assent.

"Oh, well, father, George, you know, he's young," said Mother Stevens, apologizingly.

"He haint had any experience yet. Have another cup of tea, schoolma'am. They aint stuck up folks a bit, them Bryanses; they jest drop in now an' then for a sociable visit, in an off-hand, neighborly sort o' way, an' never act as if they thought themselves better'n common folks."

"I dunno as they be," said Hiram, doggedly.

"How large a family?" interrogated Pauline, more from the feeling that she must "say something," than from any interest that she had in the matter.

"Well, there's the widder, Miss Bryan, an' George, an' Amy, the oldest daughter, an' Leonard Douglas, her husband, a strange kind o' chap, a poit or somethin'—'Mandy thinks 't he's writin' a book—an' Kitty, she's the youngest, an' the one you see with George to-day. Then there's Kitty's governess, Miss Celesta West, an old maid, queer, but proper clever, an' a Louiser Davis, a third or fourth cousin, I believe—some poor relation, anyhow; 'Mandy reckons she's settin' her cap for George."

"My conscience, ma! you hadn't ought to speak right out so," exclaimed the young lady, who had learned that more could be conveyed by sly intimations and significant looks than can be put into plain speech.

"Well, that's my way, ye know, 'Mandy. Ye see," continued the matron, turning to Pauline, "'Mandy's helped Miss Bryan some, an' been up there to the house considerable, an' she's putty cute at guessin' and puttin' this an' that together, 'Mandy is."

"I can most generally see what's plain as the nose on a body's face," said 'Mandy, modestly. "But, goodness, ma! to hear you talk anybody'd think I was in the habit of going out to work."

"Why, no, 'Mandy, nobody needn't think that," answered Mistress Stevens, bridling. "Ye see, they found out up there how handy and tasty 'Mandy is at fixing things, and they jest begged, as a pertickelar favor that she'd come an' help them a bit; an' 'Mandy she went, jest for accommodation; but I can tell ye, she don't make a practice o' working out."

"I assure, you, Mrs. Stevens, that no person whose opinion is worth regarding, would think any less of her if she did," said Pauline, very emphatically.

"Oh, well, now, ye know girls 't go out 't doing housework aint reckoned of so much as schoolma'ams an' seamstresses, an' them as stays to home," said the dame, in a confidential tone.

"Indeed! then I think it must be some fault in the girls, or some weakness in the people, that causes them to be undervalued," main-

tained Pauline. "Seamstresses and school-teachers are just as much servants as kitchen maids, if that is the objection; in fact, we are all servants in one way or another. The only thing to be considered in making a choice, is what work we have the ability to perform best."

"But, Miss Dudley, you know that teaching school is a good deal more respectable than doing housework; and more—more genteel," said 'Mandy, balancing her spoon on the rim of her cup.

"I beg your pardon; I really do not know any such thing," responded Pauline. "Any work that is honest and necessary, is respectable, and the person who performs it faithfully and well, is to be respected. As for 'gentility,' she added, in a lower tone, "I don't think any office confers that. Innate vulgarity will manifest itself, whatever the profession."

"Well, I know one thing," asserted 'Mandy, stoutly, holding fast to one idea, "I'll never work in anybody's kitchen."

"Not so fast, Miss Amanda," said Pauline, with twinkling eyes, "one of these days some nice young man will ask you to take charge of his house for life, and you will accept the situation, and all the kitchen drudgeries thrown in, without demur."

Hiram grinned, broadly, and 'Mandy, a little nettled, replied, with another toss of her head, "I guess you don't know that, Miss Dudley. Maybe I shall marry a rich man, and have servants to do my work."

"Better make a poor man rich by doin' it yourself," said Farmer Stevens, shoving back his chair. "Miss Dudley is about in the right of't, I reckon. Young women are a gittin' above their business now-a-days. Come, Hiram, if we are goin' to finish gittin' in that piece of oats afore chore time, we must be up and at it. Johnny, drive up the cows."

There was a general rising from the table, and Miss Amanda, conducting Pauline back to the "spare room," left her to amuse herself while she helped ma about the chores. Now, the young teacher had been secretly longing for an opportunity to inspect the book pyramid, and wondering what treasures of wisdom it contained, but with the occasion for gratifying her inquisitiveness came doubt and perplexity; it seemed designed for ornament so much more than for use, that she hesitated about laying despoiling hands on it. Curiosity, however, got the better of her scruples, and after a careful study of the structure, to make sure that if taken apart her unskilful hands could put it

together again, she lifted the uppermost book, the very pinnacle of the pyramid—a Collection of Psalms and Hymns—and proceeded to the layer beneath—Lives of Bible Men, written with a certain doctrinal bias, in a style intended to suit the comprehension of children; next, a stratum of brief narratives of persons remarkably wicked, or astonishingly good, rivalling in their deeds the saints and sinners of a sensation novel, but steadfastly believed in by people who cannot tolerate "fiction"; next, a work to prove that there is only one doctrine under heaven whereby men can be saved, and that the doctrine advocated by the author; and lastly, as a base and solid foundation of the whole, Fox's Book of Martyrs, the very name of which, from a too intimate study of its pictures when a child, gave Pauline a sensation of being drawn asunder, roasted on a gridiron, and having her limbs sawn off, her eyes bored out, and her mutilated body cast forth to be devoured by wild beasts. She built up the pyramid again with a shudder, and a little feeling of disappointment, from which she escaped by a run down the lilac avenue, brushing the drunken bees and butterflies from the purple blooms as she passed. Following the tinkle of streaming milk in empty pails, she crossed the road and came to the barnyard, where Johnny and 'Mandy were milking, assisted by Hiram, who had finished dragging in the oats, while she had been studying the doctrine whereby she might be saved.

Here an unexpected lesson in calisthenics awaited her. Old Speckle, "the cow with the crumpled horn," came at her with lowered head and tail in air, and acting upon the advice of Hiram, to "run, for the critter was awful vicious," she cleared the yard, and scrambled up the steps and through the back door into the barn, with an agility that quite surprised her. Laughing heartily at Speckle's evident discomfort at her escape, she improved the advantages of the situation in a romp with old Major, the brindle dog, and in searching hens' nests, jumping into the deep "bay," and climbing up to the "scaffolds," filling her hair with straws, and her apron with eggs, so Johnny, when he came to unfasten the "big door" that opened into the street, declared, with astonishment, she did beat all, and he reckoned she'd found old Topknot's nest that he'd hunted for so long. Following in the wake of the brimming pails, she went up the path and around the house to the dairy room, where Ma Stevens was setting her pans; and presenting her spoils, begged, as a reward, a drink of milk,

which she received in a new tin cup, whose brightness made the draught ten times sweeter.

"If I could have my way, I would always drink from new tin cups, Dame Stevens," she said, as she returned it, and ran away to help Johnny turn the cows to pasture, making a bold stand, and flourishing a pole longer than herself with so much vigor that Speckle, as she came through the gate, turned her head aside with a pretence of not seeing, and evidently thinking discretion the better part of valor, walked sedately away, as respectable and well-behaved as any cow in the crowd.

At the pasture bars, Farmer Stevens was currying the aforementioned brindle steers, and Pauline paused to pat their foreheads, and admire their white, glistening, button-tipped horns, listening with attention while their gratified owner told her how many pounds they "hefted," and how much they would draw, and what amount of work they would do in a day, and how much money he could take for them that very night, if he had a mind.

Walking by his side up to the house, she heard the number of bushels of grain he had sown, how much corn he had planted, or was going to plant, what "yield" he expected, which ploughed lot he was going to "seed down," and how many acres of "medder land" he was going to "break up" in the fall; finally, how much money he calculated to "clear" that year, if crops turned out well, and his cattle "weathered it through."

Well, that was more interesting, and a deal more innocent, than Ma Stevens' and Mandy's gossip about the people with whom her lot was cast for the summer. She preferred not to hear before she had seen their faces that "them Jones' folks were awful stingy," and that "the Jenkinses jest lived from hand to mouth, and had to screw to git enough to eat," and that Uriah Stebbins was the meanest man, and would cheat his own grandmother, and that Miss Stebbins, his wife, didn't dare say her soul was her own, and that Marier Stebbins, his sister, was a raglar old skinfint, and that all the Stebbins' was meaner'n dirt.

Oh dear! oh dear! how tired and sleepy she was! She told Miss Amanda so at candle-lighting, yawning and rubbing her eyes; but that young woman, having made up her mind for a sociable chat, pretended not to hear, and went on describing a new dress that Rhoda Smith had got, that cost a dollar a yard! and was made with points behind and before, and was trimmed all with gilt buttons! and she

guessed—wont you tell?—that it was going to be the weddin' rig.

Oh dear, oh dear! Pauline wondered if the talkative damsel would sleep with her, and if her tongue would run all night with perpetual motion, as some girls do. She hadn't a doubt of it. Mandy looked like it. And, trying to grow resigned to her lot, she sat up firmly in her straight-backed chair, listening with sleepy patience to the family gossip, answering when appealed to, sometimes a little at random, and smothering irrepressible yawns in her handkerchief, till the tears ran down her cheeks.

Mistress Stevens observed at last that she 'peared kind o' sleepy, and tired like, and p'raps she would like to go to bed.

She would, indeed, if they would excuse her, Pauline said; but after the good-nights were spoken, and she had followed her hostess into the "spare bedroom," it occurred to her that she would have felt better to have waited for family prayers, and she told the dame so.

Oh, she needn't mind, the mistress assured her, turning down the gay patchwork quilt, and patting the plump pillows. In fact, though the good woman didn't like to confess it, that wasn't her husband's praying season. He only attended to such little matters directly after renewals in grace—and he hadn't been renewed of late.

Then, with a murmur of thanks for all the good gifts of God, she laid herself to rest between sheets as fragrant as a bed of sweet clover and bergamot, and with her last thought of home, and of Earle and his ambitious dreams, she fell softly asleep, lulled by the distant voices of Mandy and Hiram, who were holding a *tête-à-tête* in the front door, and quite unconscious that she was a subject of conversation between Ma Stevens and her spouse, the former asking, "Now don't you think she's a little childish and ondignified for a schoolma'am?" and the latter replying, "Well, p'raps; but (remembering her praise of the brindle steers) she's a good judge o' stock."

CHAPTER IV.—THE BRYANS.

"George and I think she's perfectly splendid," said little Kitty Bryan, slipping her hand in that of her tall brother. "Now, don't we George?"

And George's smiling eyes answered the inquiry entirely to Kitty's satisfaction.

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Mrs. Bryan, entering the room at that moment.

"Of the new teacher at Hemlock Hollow, mother," replied Kitty, with animation. "Miss

Pauline Dudley is her name. George stopped the school children that we passed, to ask it."

"Very deeply interested, I should think," remarked Louise Davis, with a curl of her red lips and a jerk of the skein of embroidery silk she was untying, that brought it into a snarl, and necessitated an offer of assistance from the idle young gentleman, who was watching her through the fringes of his eyelids.

"George? I guess he is interested," said Kitty, wickedly. "Why, he wasn't satisfied with staring at the young lady while we were passing her, but after we had driven by, he turned around and looked back at her, quite forgetting that he was coachman, until he had reined Pegasus and Prince right up to Deacon Bright's stone wall, and nearly upset the carriage in the gutter."

"Keep truth on your side, Kitty," recommended her brother.

"So I do; and I don't blame you a bit, only that you didn't upset the carriage quite, and sprain your arm, and let the lovely young lady come running, all pale and frightened, to your assistance, just like the heroine in a story book; though I believe it's generally the reverse of that, isn't it? The lovely young lady gets run away with, and just as she is going bump down a steep precipice, a nice, convenient young gentleman jumps out of the bushes and catches her, and she faints away in his arms, and he lays her down, and runs and gets his hat full of water and sprinkles her face, and pretty soon she opens her eyes and blushes, and begins to talk, and instead of falling down a precipice, she falls in love along with her deliverer, which is a deal prettier, because it doesn't break her bones."

"It might her heart, though, Kitty," said Louise, pathetically.

"Oh!" gasped Kitty, with both hands pressed over the organ named. "Do you think it would, though?"

"Pray, what are you talking about?" asked Miss Celestia West, coming out of a tragic chapter of romance to a partial realization of what was passing around her.

"Dear me, Miss West! If you'd stay in this world more, you'd know better what's going on in it," said Kitty, pertly. "The matter is, George and I are in love."

"Mr. George in love!" Miss Celestia closed her book and looked interested. "Do tell us with whom, and how it happened," she said, turning to the young man. "Romance in real life is so delightful."

"Ask Kitty," he replied, all absorbed in Louise's trouble with the tangled skein, which seemed to get into the most inextricable snarl about his hands, compelling the young lady to bend her head very low and very near to find a clew to the knots.

If Miss 'Mandy Stevens had seen the difficulty, she would have declared without hesitation, that Louise was tangling the silk on purpose to keep George near her; but Miss 'Mandy, in certain directions, was keener sighted than common people.

"There! you see he trusts me to keep truth on my side," said Kitty, triumphantly. "Well, Miss West, we were driving down the road from Farmer Stevens', where George had been on business, and where Miss 'Mandy, in her starchedest gingham, had him into the parlor, as Bunyan saith; and just as we came in sight of Hemlock Hollow school-house, out of the door skipped a beautiful young lady, like a pearl from an ogre's mouth, and ran out upon the green, and wheeled around with a low bow, and a laugh sweeter than a robin's carol, and began to talk to the old shanty as if it had been somebody. George, he checked up Prince and Pegasus, and held his breath for fear of disturbing her, or in the hope of hearing what she was saying, and we moved forward so slowly and noiselessly that the young lady didn't discover us until we came just opposite her, when she turned around quickly, with the brightest smile and most beautiful color; but indignant, no doubt, at finding a young man staring so impudently at her, she put on her dignity and her bonnet, and walked off like a queen, and our hearts and our eyes did follow her till, as I told you, we found Prince and Peg. climbing the Deacon's stone fence."

"But how did she look, Kitty?" inquired Miss Celestia, eagerly.

"And what had she on?" asked Louise, expecting the answer to decide absolutely who and what the young lady was.

"Well, Miss Celestia, she didn't look at all like an angel, as we fancy angels look, but like a dear, good, human girl that one would love to hold and kiss, though I don't think she would permit a great deal of that. She had the best-natured mouth that never could speak a cross word, I know, and eyes that are perfectly indescribable, melting, burning, flashing, and defying you to guess their color, and hair that was fairly dazzling in the sun, rippling away from the parting, and circling her head in magnificent shining coils finer than a queen's crown; and her cheeks wore natural roses, her

form was erect and noble, her step elastic and free, and she looked—"

"The very Goddess of Health, Miss Celestia," subjoined young Bryan.

"And, Louise," continued Kitty, "she had on a dress of dark print, and a jacket of gray flannel, and covered her crown of hair with a close shaker bonnet, trimmed with brown muslin."

Louise elevated her eyebrows in a manner that signified she knew quite enough about the goddess.

"But, Miss Louise," persisted Kitty, "strange to tell, her print looked finer than your costliest silk; her flannel jacket, prettier than your richest velvet; and her dark little shaker, handsomer and more becoming than your elegant French bonnet."

"Is that the truth, George?" asked Louise, in an appealing tone.

"Well, not literally," answered the young man, in a way, and with a look, that implied it was not truth at all. "Kitty, you know, is apt to give exaggerated reports of what she sees."

"There, now! I wonder if you expected he would tell you exactly what he thought, Louise," cried Kitty, shrewdly. "As far as my observation goes—"

"And you've been an observer almost fourteen years, Kitty," parenthesized her brother.

"Young gentlemen never do speak their minds candidly to young ladies," she went on, without noticing the interruption.

"And my observation—which Mr. George is too polite to tell me is eighteen years older than yours—leads me to about the same conclusion, my dear Kitty," said Miss Celestia, with a decided inclination of her head.

"Such profound wisdom and penetration is too great for me," lisped Louise, coming to the final end of her tangled silk, and folding her hands prettily together. "I always believe everything that the gentlemen tell me," she added, confidently.

"Then if I were one, I would tell you you are a goose," retorted Kitty, whose decided likes and dislikes were never concealed.

"Kitty, dear child, how can you be so rude?" said Mrs. Bryan, in a remonstrating voice.

"Hark, now, mother! my brother is making amends for my rudeness," answered Kitty, in a whisper, through which broke young Bryan's voice, very low and tender.

"So do believe us, dear Louise; for what could we say in praise of your beauty and charms, that could exceed the truth?"

"Bless me! what a hardened conscience the

fellow has," muttered Kitty, under her breath; then aloud, "Mayn't I go to Miss Dudley's school, mother?"

Everybody looked up in surprise.

"What absurdity will the girl propose next?" asked Louise, lifting her hands in horror.

"It isn't probable, Kitty, that the young lady is perfected in such studies as we wish you to pursue," answered Mrs. Bryan, before Kitty could have time to put into speech the retort she had ready for Louise.

"I don't suppose she knows everything under the sun, like Miss West, mother; but I'm sure she could teach me some things that I need to learn," replied Pauline's valiant, though unknown champion.

"And what then becomes of my employment?" asked Miss Celestia, smiling.

"Oh, you dear, good soul!" cried her wayward pupil, flinging her arms around the spinster's neck, "what employment do you want, but reading romances about Sir William Wallace, and Thaddeus of Warsaw, and that Richard who went on a Crusade to the Holy Land? Now I know the reason you never married, is just because these every-day men are so tame and commonplace beside the magnificent heroes

you so dote upon, and whose virtues George tries to make us think are all fictitious. We won't subscribe to any such false doctrine, will we, Miss Celestia? So, mother, it is decided I am going to school to Miss Dudley," she added, turning around with pretended assurance.

"Pray, Mrs. Bryan, don't consent to any such proceeding," interposed Louise. "Kitty is just enough enamoured with the coarse beauty of this country-bred girl to copy all her vulgarisms. At her impressible age, she should be permitted to associate only with persons of refinement and cultivation, whose manners are such as you would desire her to imitate."

Mrs. Bryan smiled quietly, and Kitty sat down quickly, as if struck, lifting her hands in pretty amazement, after Louise's fashion.

"What have you been thinking of, mother?" she asked, pointedly. "Presently, I shall be spending three-fourths of my time at the toilet, and the remaining fourth in angling for compliments from young men. At my impressible age, you ought to permit me to associate with persons of common sense, whose manners—"

"There, Kitty! you talk quite too much," interrupted Mrs. Bryan. "We must not judge this Miss Dudley without knowing her, Louise. She is not necessarily coarse or vulgar, because

country-bred."

"By all means let Kitty have her way, mother," said George, with an appearance of having no interest in the matter beyond its peaceful settlement. "I incline to think, in respect to manners, she cannot deteriorate much."

"Owing to my refined associations, you know," answered Kitty, with a sweeping courtesy.

"But," persisted Louise, evidently too intent on frustrating Kitty's scheme to notice her sharp thrusts, "the idea of putting a young girl on a level with such an ignorant, coarse, low-bred class of children as the pupils of this Miss Dudley must be! It is perfectly shocking."

"It will be a good test for her," George said. "We shall find out what sort of stuff she is made of."

"Is it possible for any person, man, woman, or child, to be put on a level with another?" inquired Miss Celestia, mildly. "I am of the opinion that people find their own levels, and that no power outside themselves can lift them up or put them down."

"The principles of Christianity form the only true basis of good-breeding, Louise," said Mrs. Bryan, gently, "and these I have labored diligently to implant in the minds of my children, setting before them for study and imitation, the one perfect model furnished in the life of our Lord on earth. If they cannot come in contact with coarseness and vulgarity without growing coarse and vulgar; if they cannot, and do not, indeed, exert a softening and refining influence over those whose opportunities and incentives to self-improvement have been less abundant than theirs, then all my labor and hope are in vain. It has not been my aim to keep them out of the way of evil, but to gird them with God's armor of defence against it."

Louise was silent, from ignorance of the proper thing to say, but unchanged in her purpose to prevent the formation of any friendship between Kitty and Miss Dudley, whom, without knowing, she seemed disposed to regard as an enemy.

Kitty looked softened and subdued, and mentally resolved not to fire another shot at her adversary that night.

"After all, I don't see why we need set ourselves above other people," said she, meditatively, with her cheek upon her palm. "What is it that makes one person better than another, mother?"

"A true, pure, sinless heart, undoubtedly, dear child."

"What is it, Miss Celestia?"

"Heroic, self-sacrificing deeds; steadfast de-

votion to truth; readiness to fight, to yield every worldly advantage, and to suffer martyrdom for it," said the spinster, with glowing cheek.

"What do you think, Louise?" continued the interrogator.

Now, Louise, recognizing no higher nobility than wealth, was sorely puzzled how to answer; but she said, choosing her words carefully—

"Education, travel, high position in society, and means to cultivate and indulge artistic tastes, of course lifts one above another not enjoying the same advantages."

"Is that your opinion, too, George?" questioned resolute Kitty, in pursuit of information.

"Oh, dear little inquisitor, please reserve my opinion till the last," answered her brother.

"Here come some new recruits to be sounded," he continued, as the door swung open, and Leonard Douglas and wife, Amy, came in, laden with floral treasures gathered in their ramble through field and wood. "Beloved friends, you are just in time to contribute a spark towards lighting up our little sister Kitty's mental darkness. The question is, what constitutes superiority; or, as she puts it, what is it that makes one person better than another?"

Kitty turned towards the new-comers with an eager, interested look.

"What is it, think, Sister Amy?"

"Why, dear, I should say it is grace—renewal of heart and spirit—communion and peace with God," answered Amy, in a low, gentle voice.

"What do you say, Brother Leonard?" pursued the indefatigable inquirer.

"Well, little Kitty, I say I recognize no person as my superior whose mental endowments do not exceed mine. He who possesses the highest order of intellect is greatest and best," said Douglas, with the air of a peer.

Amy turned towards her husband, with eyes full of love, faith, and worship.

"My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer," quoted George, interpreting the wife's believing look.

"Now, George, we will have your opinion, if you please," said Kitty, encouragingly.

"Yes, Kitty; I hold to the opinions of all these good people, individually and collectively," returned the brother.

"How provoking! But just like George; now, isn't it, Miss Celestia?" cried Kitty, appealingly. "He never will speak his sentiments independently, but agrees with everybody."

"Perhaps he affects Goethe, who, it is said,

never contradicted any one," remarked Miss Celestia.

"Or, perhaps he hasn't any opinions to express," suggested Leonard.

Young Bryan smiled, and answered nothing. "Now I think of it, Mr. George, I don't recollect ever hearing you declare yourself in favor of any party, clique, or creed," said Miss Celestia. "Do you lend your support to none of the theologies, philosophies or factions of the day?"

"To none of them, Miss Celestia. I am neutral in politics, religion, and philosophy," replied the young man.

"I don't understand how any one with the ability to think, speak, and act, can avoid committing himself in some matters," said the spinster, with a little tartness in her usually pleasant, good-natured voice.

"I can readily conceive that to be a sort of mystery to a woman, who, if she have an opinion, is pretty certain to express it," answered George, smiling. "But devotion to party blinds one to truth, which takes all forms, and is embodied absolutely in none."

"The wise man neither denieth, nor yet affirmeth what fools

Are loud to affirm and deny, in the folly of sects and schools;

But in all creeds seeking for truth, he findeth in every one

Some part of the truth which wholly compass'd he findeth in none,

To each mind partly apparent, by no mind fully discerned."

"Now, here is little puss soliciting everybody's opinion, and no one has asked her to give her own. Pray, tell us, sis, what do you think lifts one person above another?"

"Oh, I hold with the framers of the Constitution, that all men are created free and equal; likewise, all boys and girls," said democratic Kitty; "and to-morrow I mean to attend public school, and be as good as any one there. Dream on that, Louise. There goes the teabell, and its tongue is more eloquent and appealing than any I have heard speak yet. Did you have a pleasant walk, Amy?" she asked, slipping an arm about her sister's waist, as she arose.

"Very pleasant, dear," answered the young wife, with joy-beaming eyes. "It has been a beautiful day."

In truth, the day would have been beautiful to Amy if the sky had been covered with a pall of clouds, and the earth wrapped in a shroud of gloom; for her husband's love, as the sun in heaven, vivified and illumined all the world.

And that day it had shone with cloudless ray, and earth had blossomed with beauty, birds had sang with delirious joy, winds had chanted divine hymns, and skies beamed with celestial light, as in the spring-time of the world, when life was new, and human souls unsullied by sin. Such days in Amy's wedded life were growing rare, and their very rarity made them doubly beautiful. Douglas, wrapt in a mist of dreams, was cold and distant; or, eclipsed by the splendors of a genius more powerful than his, was sullen and morose; only now and then the cloud dropped apart, and he shone forth genial and tender; or, imagining his star in the ascendant, he grew complaisant and companionable to one who loved to hear him speak of himself—and Amy did.

Afflicted with a troublesome self-consciousness, that never permitted him to forget for a moment what were his claims, and what importance attached to his slightest word and act; itching to know how he was regarded, and in what estimation his works were held; greedy for praise, and swallowing eagerly the most fulsome flatteries; chagrined, angered, and rendered miserable by an unfavorable criticism, beating against natural limitations, and throttled by ideas too mighty for his weak utterance, he was rather an uncertain creature to form the central light of a loving woman's life; and poor little Amy, revolving about him like a faithful satellite, was affected by all his moods, beaming with wild effulgence when he turned upon her a shining face, and overcast with shadows when he wrapped himself again in vapors.

And thus it happened that the young wife's beautiful day went out with a cloudy sunset when Douglas, whose face had been gradually darkening since he came in, wheeled aside as they were entering the supper-room, and went up to his study, with an air that proclaimed the hungry mortals beneath him, he had no need of such gross viands as their carnal appetites craved.

Amy looked after him with a gentle sigh. How far apart they were, she mused; he, soaring with eagle wings in the vast realm of thought, and she, a tame house dove, fluttering close to earth, and dizzy with but gazing at his height.

"I wish Leonard's fits of inspiration wouldn't always come on just as we are anticipating a nice, pleasant, sociable time," said Kitty, impatiently, noting the shadow settling on her sister's face. "He throws a cloud over all our little family pleasures."

"Hush, darling," murmured the constant wife. "His nature is so much higher and finer than ours, we do not comprehend nor sympa—"

"Fie!" interrupted wayward Kitty, whose want of appreciation and reverence for the family genius was by no means a secret. "You ought to have seen the black look with which he hurled my pet kitten from the window this morning, when, in her innocent frolic she jumped from the elm branches into his study, planting her dirty feet plump upon a freshly-written page of manuscript. I can tell you, whatever other people may think, pussy and I haven't a very great opinion of his fine nature, after such treatment."

A smile, in which even Amy joined; went round at the picture presented by Kitty; but George said, with a twinkle in his hazel eyes—

"Genius is pardonable for looking black over an offence like that. You should teach your pets a higher reverence for things above them, Kitty."

"Well, hadn't pussy the highest reverence for things above her, when she climbed to Leonard's window, to endorse his sentiments by affixing her signature? We agreed, when I picked her up to find if her bones were broken, and to comfort her for her mishap, that authors weren't such superior beings as we had always supposed, and that we hadn't half the respect for books, that we had before we saw how they were made, and knew their makers."

"Kitty, with many of her elders, has to learn that authors are only human, with failings quite like other mortals," said Mrs. Bryan.

"But one can excuse their faults," Amy said, timidly, and apologetically. "Genius covers and outbalances nearly all defects of character in the person possessing it."

"In my opinion, it only renders defects more conspicuous and inexcusable," observed Miss Celestia, with characteristic bluntness.

The watchful mother, perceiving the grieved expression of Amy's face, adroitly changed the subject of conversation, while Kitty, inly berating herself for turning it into such an unpleasant channel, bit her unruly tongue, and kept silence for the space of five minutes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A poor son of the Emerald Isle, who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied—"Sure, it's not much of a moral character that a man needs to sell rum."

SELF-DECEPTION.

Is there not a universal consciousness that men are—innocently, if you please; ignorantly, if you please—facile in deception? And in multitudes of cases, are not men astonished by the suggestion that they are deceived about themselves? Was there anything that surprised you so much as when your wife looked you in the face, and said, "You are selfish, sir?" You had been called a generous fellow; but when you came to live with another, being generous did not depend upon your throwing out a few shillings here and there, but upon your denying yourself in various ways, for the sake of that other's happiness. And when the heyday was passed, and at last, in some unguarded moment, the truth escaped her lips, and she said, "You are selfish," did it not strike you as outrageous, and did you not exclaim, "I selfish! I have always had the credit of being a kind and benevolent man!" And yet, you were the more mad, because you had the glimmer of an idea that she might be right. Nothing makes us so mad, as to be charged with a thing that is discreditable, and that we are conscious of. To be charged with a thing that you know is not true, makes you all the more superior; but to be charged with a thing that you know is true, and that you do not want known, or generally spread, is too much. And how many men start back from that charge of selfishness? And it troubles them. They cannot get it out of their mind. And they begin to inquire what it is to be generous, and what it is not, and to measure themselves, to see whether they are generous or not; and at last, they begin to feel, "If I confine my generosity to the mere action of the hand, I must confess, that I am not so generous as I thought I was." They have been living under the impression that they were not selfish, but generous; but at last they find that they were totally mistaken.

BEECHER.

A little girl, who was walking with her mother, was tempted by the sight of a basket of oranges, exposed for sale, and quietly took one; but afterwards, stricken by conscience, returned it. On her return home, she was discovered in tears, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, sobbing—

"Mamma, I haven't broken any of the commandments, but I think I've cracked one a little."

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

LOVE, A GIVER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You're a selfish man!"

The words leaped out with a quick, angry impulse. There was a frown on the beautiful face, and a flame that was not of love in the bright eyes.

If the soft hand laid so trustingly in his scarcely three months before, had struck him a stunning blow, Alfred Williston could not have been more surprised or hurt. "Selfish!" It was the first time that sin had been laid at his door. "He's a generous fellow," "The most unselfish man alive," "There's not a mean trait in his character." Such things had been said of him over and over again, and repeated in his ears by partial or interested friends, until he almost believed himself the personification of unselfishness. And now to be called "a selfish man" by the sweet little rosebud mouth that looked as if only made for kisses—to be called "a selfish man" by her to whom he had given all he had in the world, and himself into the bargain! No wonder that Alfred Williston stood dumb before his pretty wife.

The accusation was made, and for good or for evil, it must stand. No taking back of the words could take back their meaning. "You're a selfish man" had been cut, by sharply uttered tones, deep into his memory, and there the sentence would remain. He did not attempt to meet the charge. To have done so, would have been felt as a degradation.

"Good morning," dropped coldly from his lips, and he went away without offering the usual parting kiss. It was showery at home and cloudy at the office for the greater part of that forenoon.

"What's the matter, my friend? You look as sober as a judge on sentence day!" remarked an acquaintance who called upon Williston.

"Look about as I feel," was moodily answered.

"Heigh-ho! moon in the rainy quarter already?" rejoined the visitor, familiarly, with a sly, provoking laugh.

Williston turned his face partly aside, that its expression might be concealed.

"Sunshine and shower—summer and winter—you will have these alternations like the rest of mankind, and learn to bear them with philosophy."

"Do you think me a very selfish man, Ed-

ward?" asked Williston, turning upon his friend a serious face.

"Selfish? Oh, dear! No, not very selfish. I've heard you called the most generous fellow alive. But we're all more or less selfish, you know; born so, and can't help it, unless we try harder than is agreeable to most people. There was a time when I had a very good opinion of myself as touching this thing; but I grow less and less satisfied every day, and am settling down into the conclusion that I'm no better than my neighbors."

"Well, I despise a selfish man. He's the meanest creature alive!" Williston spoke with a glow of indignation.

"He's mean just in the degree that he's selfish," replied the friend. "And, as we are all more or less selfish, we are all more or less mean. I don't see how we are to get away from that conclusion."

Williston knit his brows, like one annoyed or perplexed.

"Has anybody called you selfish?" asked the friend.

"Yes."

"Who? The little darling at home? Ha! I see! That's the trouble!"

The young husband's deepening color betrayed the fact.

"She called you selfish? Ha! Good for Margy! Not afraid to give things their right name. I always knew she was a girl of spirit. Selfish! That's interesting. And did you really fancy that you were unselfish?"

This half-in-sport, half-in-earnest speech, had the effect intended. A slight glimpse of himself, as seen by another's eyes, gave Williston a new impression, and let in a doubt as to his being altogether perfect.

"And you think me selfish?" he said, in a tone of surprise. "Well! I guess there's been a new dictionary published of late."

"As far as this word is concerned, the heart is the most reliable dictionary. If you wish to get the true definition, look down into your heart," replied the friend.

"My eyes are not, perhaps, as sharp as yours," said Williston. "I don't find the definition there."

"Maybe I can help you to a clearer vision. Why did you marry Margy?"

"Because I loved her."

"Are you quite sure?" said the friend, with provoking calmness.

"Take care, Fred! I shall get angry."

"Oh no. You're too sensible, and too well poised for that. Answer my question. Are you quite sure?"

"As sure as death!"

"It's my opinion that you married because you loved yourself more than you did Margy."

"Now this goes beyond all endurance!" exclaimed Williston. "Is there a conspiracy against me?"

"Gently, gently, my friend. The mind is never clear when disturbed. You loved Margy. There is no doubt in the world of that. Loved her, and do love her very dearly. But is your love unselfish? That is the great question now at issue. A boy loves a ripe peach, and climbs after it, that he may enjoy its flavor. In what did your love of Margy differ from this boy's love of the peach? Was it to bless the sweet maiden—to give her yourself—that you sought her with a lover's ardor? Or, was it to bless yourself? Did you think how much she would enjoy your love—how much happiness you would give her? Or, did you think chiefly of your own joy? Don't frown so! Put away that injured look. Go down, like a man, into your consciousness, and see how it really is. If you find all right, then you stand firm in serene self-approval; if all is not right, then you will know what to do. Love seeks to bless its object—is all the while endeavoring to minister delight—is a perpetual giver."

The hot flushes began to die out of Williston's face. He was looking down into his heart, and getting some new revelations of himself; and they were not satisfactory. How had he loved Margy? What had been the quality of his love? Never before had such questions intruded themselves; never before had he found queries so difficult to answer. A deep sigh attested his disappointment in this self-investigation.

"I don't know whether to be angry or grateful," he said, knitting his brows. "Is it a true or a false mirror that you are holding up before me? Is the spectrum, growing more and more distinct, an image of myself? I am in doubt and confusion."

"Love is a giver," answered his friend. "Does not think of itself—desires only to bless. If you have so loved Margy, then has she wronged you. But, if you have thought mainly of yourself, of your own delight, then, I trow,

the dear little woman was not so far wrong, when she called you selfish."

"One thing is certain," said Williston, speaking soberly, "I take pleasure in giving her pleasure. Any want that she might express, I would gratify, if in my power. I could not deny her anything."

"Except the denial of yourself," remarked the friend.

Their eyes met, and they looked intently at each other for some moments.

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Williston.

"If Margy wanted a set of Amoor sables, costing a thousand dollars, and you had the money with which to buy them, her desire would be gratified."

"Undoubtedly. I would find pleasure in meeting her wishes," was promptly answered.

"If she had a fancy for diamonds, or India shawls—for elegant furniture and pictures—and you had the means to gratify her tastes, you would find delight in giving her the possession of these things. You would let her have her own sweet will in everything."

"You have said it, my friend. Nothing pleases me so much as to see her gratified."

"No great self-denial in all this, however. In the cases supposed, you are entirely able to give what Margy asks for, and no special love of money comes in to chill your ardor. It is the easiest thing in the world to meet her wishes. But, let us take some other case. There is to be a musical party at your friend Watson's. You care but little for music, and less for musical people. The case is different with Margy. With music and musical people, she is in her element. You come home with a new book from a favorite author, promising yourself an evening of enjoyment in reading aloud to your wife. She meets you, with face all aglow, and in her hand a note of invitation from the Watsons. 'It will be such a delightful time!' she exclaims, in her enthusiasm. Now comes the true test of your love—now its quality must stand revealed. If she had known about the new book, and the pleasure you had promised yourself in reading aloud to her through the evening, I am very sure she would have sent a note of excuse to the Watsons, and cheerfully denied herself, for your sake, the delights of a musical evening. But, knowing nothing of this, she lets fancy revel in anticipated enjoyment, and does not think, perhaps, of your defective musical taste. Thus stands the case, my friend, and how will you meet it? In the other case, it was the generous hand

that gave of its abundance. Now, it is sheer self-denial."

Williston drew a heavy sigh, moved himself restlessly, and looked down upon the floor.

"This love that we talk so much about," resumed the friend, "is a very subtle thing, and very apt to hide from us its true quality. It is much oftener love of self, than love of the object sought. Hence, we have so much unhappiness in the state of marriage, which, on the theory of mutual love, ought to be full of bliss. But, I am using time that cannot well be spared to-day, so, good-morning! If Margy has done you a wrong, help her to see it, and she will not only apologize for calling you selfish, but cover your lips with penitent kisses."

The case supposed, touched the difficulty at its very core. Since Williston's marriage, he had shown himself gifted with but a feeble spirit of self-denial. He enjoyed his home and his wife, but not in a generous spirit. She was more social, and her tastes had received a better cultivation. She enjoyed music and art intensely. Her soul responded lovingly to all things beautiful. After his friend left him, Williston, in the new light which had penetrated his mind, began to see the relation existing between himself and his wife in some different aspects. One little incident after another was called up from memory and reviewed, and he saw in them, as in a mirror, an image of himself, so different from any before presented, that he was filled with pain and surprise. Such a thing as self-denial had scarcely come within the range of his virtues. Self-denial he had exacted often. It had been no unusual thing for Margy to defer her tastes and wishes to his, and he could think of many cases in which she must have done so at considerable sacrifice of feeling.

A new sentiment began to pervade the mind of Williston; a deeper and tenderer feeling for his young wife; and in this new sentiment he had a perception of something purer and fuller of joy than anything hitherto experienced—the joy of giving up even his very life's love for another.

"Dear Margy!" he said, speaking to himself in this new state. "The burden of my heedless foot must have been very crushing, to have extorted that cry of pain—for your charge of selfishness was but the voice of suffering that could not be repressed. Many times had I trampled upon, many times wounded the love given to me so lavishly; but never before did the bruised heart reveal its anguish."

The tears that gushed from the eyes of Margy

Williston, as her husband turned so coldly from her and left the house, rained on for over an hour; for the greater part of this time, she indulged in accusing thoughts. She went over instance after instance of his selfish disregard of her pleasure; and recounted the many times she had given up her desires to gratify his demands. But this state of feeling in time changed—or, wore itself out. A calm succeeded, in which her better nature had an opportunity to speak. The hand of pain folded away many coverings that had been laid over her heart, and she could see into some of the hidden places never before revealed. She did not find everything in the order and beauty imagined to exist. She was not so loving and unselfish as she had fancied herself to be. There came a new gush of tears, but the rain was gentler, and instead of desolating, refreshed the earth of her mind.

"I have thought more of my own gratification than of his," she began to say within herself. "His tastes differ in many things from mine. What I enjoy, may be irksome to him. If I insist upon having my own enjoyments, regardless of how they may affect him, must not a degree of separation take place? Can he love me as much as before—will I love him as much as before—if I exact what he cannot give willingly? And if our love grow less, what is there in all the world to compensate for its decline? Losing that, we lose all. Take away that light, and all else will lie in shadow. Disturb that harmony, and every chord of life is out of tune."

So she thought, gaining a clearer sight, and firmer will to act in the line of self-rejection whenever self interposed to hinder love. As the hours went by, and the time drew near when her husband would return, a dead weight began to settle down upon Margy's heart. They had parted in anger. For the first time, the lightning of a summer storm had flashed in their sky. There had been a quick descent of the tempest, hurting and blinding them. How much of wreck and ruin had been wrought in that brief war of inner elements, it was yet impossible to know.

At last, the time of return was at hand. A few minutes beyond the hour, and a vague fear began creeping into the soul of Margy. Shadowy forms of evil seemed hovering around her; the weight on her bosom grew more oppressive; her heart labored so heavily, that its motions were painful.

Suspense was not very long. She heard the door open, and the music of a well-known step

in the hall. Restraint became impossible—her temperament was too ardent for repression in moments of deep feeling. Springing down the stairs, Margy had her arms about her husband's neck, ere he had time to put his thoughts in order, and was crying on his bosom. The fervent kisses, laid as peace offerings on her lips, were sweeter to her taste than honey, or the honey-comb.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked, in the calmness of spirit that ensued. "I am very weak, sometimes; and feeling is so strong."

"If there had been no provocation to feeling," Williston answered, frankly, "it would never have broken the bands of restraint. The fault was mine, not yours. It was selfish in me, and you said only the truth; but the truth is, sometimes, the most unpleasant thing we can hear. It sounded very harsh in my ears. I felt angry, and rejected it. Not so now. I have seen myself as in a mirror."

Margy laid her fingers on his mouth, and then they were silent. After a few moments, she said, gently—

"We are human; and, of consequence, weak and selfish by nature. Let love teach us a better law than nature has written on our hearts. Then we shall draw nearer and nearer together, and the pulses of our lives, that sometimes beat unevenly, take the same sweet measure."

And it was so. But not at once, nor until after many seasons of mutual self-repression.

The love of nature, if we would prove how long and beautiful it makes existence, must not be left as a mere amusement, that can be taken to at any time. Like the love of virtue, it must be commenced in *youth*. A man may learn a language or a science when he is grown up, but he cannot then learn to love nature. This love he must bring with him from his boyhood, when it germinates in all, though with most, dried up in its earliest leaf.

No man is truly happy who has not a large curiosity as to the beauties and riches of the world in which we dwell; tempered, nevertheless with prudence as to the time, and method, and extent of his gratifications.

Our natural knowledge, our influence, our farms and merchandise, and our natural wealth in every form, may be coined into spiritual good by a right use of them; and then, though the outward form passes away, they become treasures laid up in Heaven.

GROWING OLD.

Dullness is not in lapse of years, but in the unskilful use of them; the tedium of a long journey is not in the miles, but in the companion, if time be tiresome, it is because we do not spin amusement out of ourselves, as silk-worms spin their silk. With the man who has really lived, the time is never past for sublime pleasures. Though many he enjoyed in his youth may no longer be accessible, by reason of his failing muscles, his capacity for the attainable is free and buoyant to the last.

My heart leaps up when I behold
The rainbow in the sky!
So was it when I was a boy;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

While true old age is that honorable and happy state of soul which intellectual and emotional activities induce, there is thus another oldness which comes of those activities being checked in their very start, or turned astray from the course, wherein alone are youth and life. How many are there who have scarcely run a score of birthdays, yet are already sere in spirit! How many are there, again, who, though the snow may have long whitened the mountain tops, are green with all the spring freshness of thought and feeling, and who dispel, by their manner, all idea of their being "old." Time, necessarily, nowhere implies youth: Time, necessarily, makes no one old. Those who are old at sixty or seventy, are not made old by lapse of years; they have been old ever since they were twenty or thirty. Doubtless, here and there, men are made old by the attrition of care and distress on account of others—and none are more to be sympathized with than these; but, in the majority of cases, the oldness we are speaking of comes of sloth or weakness, the result, probably, of crushing injuries in early years—bad school discipline taking the first place—or it comes of indifference to religious principle, and thus of giving way to "envy, hatred and malice;" since nothing sooner cankers and shrivels the spirit than uncharitable, ungenuous, and selfish habits of will. That which makes old, in the sense of loss of youth of spirit, is not Time, but the consuming action of evil passions, or neglecting to nourish the mind with wisdom. Youth, under right culture, may be preserved to the very last. Is it not promised to the obedient, that "the child shall die an hundred years old?"

GRINDON.

THE ALPINE AND POLAR PLANT WORLD.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

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It has been said that the climate and plants within the Arctic circle are like that of Alpine regions, with this difference, that in the Arctic circle, the Alpine flora and temperature begin on the plain; for the snow-line at the Poles is depressed there to the ocean surface; whereas, in the Temperate zones, the Alpine climate and flora commence several thousand feet above that surface, and at a still loftier altitude in the tropics.

Now, the above proposition, that Alpine and Polar plants resemble each other, holds good only within certain limits; when the summit of a tropical mountain becomes so elevated, that the ice and snow which surmount it remain unmelted all the year round, it may be said that the top of the mountain has reached a Polar climate, and we should naturally expect to find there the plants of the Polar regions. But, the truth is, that the Alpine and Polar plants are by no means the same. There may be the same natural orders, and in many instances, the same genera, and even species; yet, certain genera, such as *Purra* and *Phippia*, which grow within the Polar circle, have never been found amid the snows on the mountain summits within the Temperate and Tropical zones. In the majority of instances, Alpine and Polar plants are closely allied, but not identical species. And this rests on the fact that both are developed under conditions somewhat dissimilar.

On the mountains within the tropics, where the snow-line, or line of perpetual congelation, rises to a height of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet, there is a diminished pressure of the air, which does not exist at the Poles, where the snow-line is on a level with the surface of the ocean. The plants also at these mountain elevations, develop under different conditions as to light, to those which surround the Polar plants; the former are exposed to alternations of light and darkness, the latter to continuous sunlight. These causes cannot but tend to modify the plants of mountain regions, and make them somewhat dissimilar to Polar plants; yet, nevertheless, their similarity is truly wonderful. The idea of a night six months long, awakens our aversion to a Polar climate; but when the facts are known, our feelings are

greatly moderated. In the darkest winter's night, the Pole is not altogether deprived of sunlight; for at midnight, the sun approaches to within thirteen and a half degrees of the horizon, and tinges the Polar heavens with a kind of evening ray, producing a twilight which lasts for two hours, and during which time the finest print may be easily read. The Northern lights, which are very brilliant in these high latitudes, shed down on the landscape their beneficent influences, and the clear light of the moon on the snow-clad fields, shows the surrounding cliffs for miles round, so that their contour or outline is distinctly brought out.

The warmest month within the Arctic circle, is July and this is only one degree warmer than our March. There are, in fact, only two seasons in circumpolar countries, winter and summer, which, without any interposition, quickly follow one another.

Winter begins about the middle of October. All life seems to expire. The heavens are cloudless, the atmosphere tranquil, and the animals, which during the long summer days, fed on the scanty herbage of the moss desert, have wandered to more Southern regions, to seek that nourishment which the Polar countries now refuse them. For nearly nine months, the water is covered with ice, and the land with snow, and the temperature sometimes sinks so low, that spirits of wine, and even quicksilver are frozen when exposed to the air. The air is so pure, that two men, at a distance of two English miles, can converse together, and even the lightest whisper is audible. With the setting in of winter, the days become shorter. In November, their duration is only a few hours, and in December, the sun is no more visible above the horizon. Winter now develops itself to its fullest extent. A death-like stillness prevails far and near. It is the sleep of nature! Stars, moon, snow and ice-fields are the only visible objects. In vain, the traveller listens for a friendly tone. No ringing of bells, barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, signify the neighborhood of a world with inhabitants. His own breathing and heart-beat is all that is perceptible to his ear. In such moments, the solitude of Polar countries is oppressive and overpowering.

At length, the sun comes back again, and it grows day. With the increase of light, the temperature rises. The ice breaks up at the end of June, and the snow-covering is stripped from the earth. Summer suddenly breaks forth. The landscape in a few days is clothed in living green. Flocks of ducks and geese come from the South. Lapwings, snipes and other birds enliven the scene, and the murmur of little brooks, and the hum of insects, prove that summer has commenced. The sun is now visible for weeks above the horizon. His rays, falling uninterruptedly upon the earth, prevent the temperature from sinking, as is always the case when they are withdrawn; and thus, notwithstanding the small elevation of the solar disc above the horizon, a degree of heat is called forth, which, under other circumstances, would be impossible. Plants now germinate, and flower and fruit follow in rapid succession.

The plants consist of a variety of low-growing perennial herbs, remarkable for the large size and bright color of their flowers. Anemones, and different species of Saxifrage are found here growing side by side, as on the Alpine summit. So, also, the melting snows reveal in sheltered situations, the yellow *Geum glaciale*, a plant allied to the *Potentilla anserina* or common goose-grass, the purple-red *Claytonia sarmentosa*, a relation of *Claytonia Virginica*, the American spring beauty. Anemones, Saxifrages, and the ultra marine blue, Alpine Forget-me-not (*Myosotis Alpina*), grow side by side, as on the Alpine summit. There are also several species of *Draba*, *Ranunculi*, *Stellaria*, *Cerastium*, and the yellow Arctic Poppy, *Papaver nudicaule*, deservedly admired as the most showy and hardy plant of the Polar regions, resisting the first frosts, and remaining the last in flower. Then there is the *Dryas Octopetala* or Mountain Avens, with its large white flowers and feathery styles, some pretty kinds of *Eriophorum*, or Cotton Grass; the *Luzula campestris*, or Field Rush, and several Gramineæ belonging to the genera *Poa*, *Festuca*, *Agrostis* and *Alopecurus*.

But the most interesting plants of all, are the little Willows, *Salix polaris* and *Salix herbacea*, with their trailing branches covered with little catkins, the whole tree being about six inches in height, and overspreading a surface of about the circumference of a large dinner-plate. There are also plenty of dwarf Birches *Betulanana*, and the Polar Blackberry, *Rubus arcticus*. Trees, which in the Temperate zones are quite lofty, here sink down to the condition of prostrate shrubs, with a peculiarly tortuous habit

of growth. As if the plants would escape from a dangerous enemy, their roots penetrate the frozen upper surface soil, and creep along in the warmer layers below. In fact, the trees of the Polar world are so dwarfed and stunted in their growth, as to be buried beneath the snow in winter, and the traveller in his sledge passes over the Polar forest, wholly unconscious of its existence.

The most favorable soil for plants within the Arctic circle, is sandstone. The snow-water readily penetrates its porous surface, leaving the soil dry and exposed to the full influence of the Arctic sun. Hence it is, that *Melville Island* and the western coast of Greenland, possess a far richer flora than Cornwallis Island, which, with its clayey, marly soil, retains the water, so icy-cold that vegetation cannot live, and is overspread by an unfruitful and immeasurable morass. These morasses are very extensive in Siberia, where they have received the name of the *Tundra*. The sparsely scattered flowers in Polar countries are only as a friendly oasis in the frightful landscape picture. Extensive morass and rocky sterility are the prevailing features of the countries within the Arctic circle. The Tundra is the Sahara of Polar lands. There are two kinds of Tundra, the moss-Tundra and the lichen-Tundra. In the former instance, the morass is covered with beds of hair-moss (*Polytrichum*), in the latter, nothing but a comfortless superficial growth of reindeer lichen (*Cladonia rangiferina*), whitens the desert waste as far as the eye can reach. The lichens have frequently saved the lives of Arctic explorers. One of these, called *Tripe de Roche*, a species of the genus *Umbilicaria*, was for a long time the only food that could be procured by Franklin and Richardson whilst exploring the Polar regions. Two species of *Umbilicaria* may be found in great abundance on the rocks on the Allegheny mountains, Pennsylvania.

So much for the vegetation of the North Pole. The flora at the South Pole is still more scanty. The plants hitherto discovered within the South Polar circle are so insignificant, as to be hardly deserving of being mentioned. The celebrated naturalist, Dr. Hooker, collected in latitude seventy-one degrees South, "the ghosts of eighteen Cryptogams," as he expresses himself on Palmer's and Louis Phillippe's land; also, the pitiful remains of a few mosses, lichens and algae the last citizens of the vegetable kingdom. That which was found represented, the plant-types of the North Pole most perfectly, as was naturally to be expected. The Southern circumpolar plants were either the same species as those

at the North Pole, or they were closely allied to them.

The cause which has produced this increased poverty of the flora in the Southern Arctic circle, is easily explained. Here the water predominates over the land, and the heat of the sun which appears above the horizon at the South Pole on the 21st of December is absorbed by the ice of the Southern Arctic ocean, which gradually melts during the summer months. The water, however, remains cold; and as the land is too small in quantity to absorb much solar heat, it remains frozen and snow-clad, and is necessarily deprived of vegetation. The South Pole must, however, necessarily receive the same amount of heat from the sun during its summer months as the North Pole, but owing to these causes, its climate is much colder. Powerful elevations of the earth's surface tend greatly to increase the severity of the cold. In latitude seventy-seven and a half degrees south, Erebus lifts its flaming summit to a height of 12,000 feet, its fires illuminating the glaciers and snowy wastes by which it is surrounded. The mountains of the South Pole, having an Alpine climate at their base, and rising to such a height, must have towards their summit an intensity of cold, far surpassing that of the snowy peaks of the mountains situated within Temperate and Tropical zones. And indeed, the little that we know of South-Polar lands, through the explorations of Cook, Ross, Wilkes and others, is not calculated to interest us much in this part of the earth's surface. It would be indeed strange, if subsequent discoveries at the South Pole, should reveal in the midst of its ice deserts the same fertile oasis, or spots of verdure and floral beauty which exist at the North Pole.

A GIRL'S STORY.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

There are those who feel in themselves the power of living splendid lives; who, in all the drudgery of their every-day experience, are haunted by visions of a higher and more refined one; who, feeling in themselves the power to be and do something in the world, cannot be satisfied with a common lot.

Such an one was the girl whose story I shall try to tell you; an eager, restless girl, with a heart and mind unsatisfied by her common farm-life; who panted for freedom and culture, and, in her daily tasks, was continually devising means of escape into something higher. From living year after year in the same way, existence a kind of tread-mill, whose rounds she had walked till she was weary, she had grown to think a life of ease and pleasure the one most to be desired. Certainly there was a wide gulf between her life at the farm-house, the drudgery of the household from morning till night, at the beck and call of a half-dozen, trying vainly to arrange scanty, ill-matched furniture in a manner more suited to her artistic taste; settling children's quarrels, where both foes had to be bribed with gingerbread, and a strict account rendered afterwards to Mrs. Dane, and the one she so often pictured out for herself—perfect rest from care and trouble, time to read and study, to travel, to live in ease and luxury.

And what was the secret of this longing? Partly the remembrance of better things. Long

before, she had had a home; small, indeed, but beautiful with flowers and pictures, and the light of a dear mother's face. Then her father died. Her mother married again; and five years later, both parents were killed in a railroad disaster. It was supposed that a competency had been left for Grace, and Mr. Dane's brother had been appointed guardian. Investigation proved that the whole of her fortune had been involved in some speculations of her uncle, and when Farmer Dane took the orphan to his home, he could do no less than adopt her. So ever since she had lived there, the servant of the whole family; to one, at least—her sick step-cousin, May—because of love. Education was denied her; there was no time at the farm for anything but work, and almost her only pleasure was the weekly going to the village church, where, in the choir, among voices bad or indifferent, her tones rang out clear and sweet as silver bells. A splendid voice the girl had—an absorbing passion for music, with it. It was to study, to cultivate this talent, that she longed for opportunity. None came, however, and hope long deferred, had sickened her heart.

She came out of the farm-house one evening, and leaning against the stone wall that separated orchard and pasture, watched the shifting glories of the sunset, building as she so often had before, her air-castles in the rose and purple clouds. The low wall was half overgrown

with moss and brambles; in front lay the long level meadows, with that golden glory at the end; from the orchard behind, white with apple-blossoms, a bird was singing. The girl, herself, her arms carelessly folded, her eager eyes and flushing cheek, finished the picture. A young man, coming up the path, saw it, and stopped a moment before he spoke to her.

"Are you tired, Grace?"

She turned; her eyes dropped from the sky to the sunburned fellow before her, the oldest of her guardian's sons, the one kindest to her. "It's Monday, you know. Where have you been?" pushing her short curls back.

"Over to Aldon's woods. I brought these for May."

"May will be pleased," she said, taking the violets from him. "I've been wanting to go out and get some—"

"Why, didn't you, then? You need rest of some kind, Grace."

"But there's no time for it now, Robert. When the spring work is over, perhaps, I can go."

"May will be worse, then; she always is when the hot weather comes on."

She made no answer, her eyes seeking the sunset again. What could this country clown, standing beside her, know of her dreams or ambitions? He understood her better, perhaps, than any one else except May; but he could not guess half the thoughts whirling through her brain. Young, feeling in herself the power to do, as well as bear; sharply contrasting her lot with that of others blest by fortune with ease, and luxury, what wonder at the shadow slowly dropping over her face when he spoke again?

"Grace," a strange uneasiness in his manner, "you told me once you would give anything, almost, to get away from here, where you would have time and chance to study. Do you think so now?"

"You know I do," a restless color coming into her cheek. "I always have thought so; I always will. What I want," she went on, talking more to herself than to him, "is time and liberty for thought. If I could study; if I could have culture for my voice, what might I not do? I have a talent, I think. If I could use it—if I only had a chance—" her words sounded almost like a prayer; "if I could win fame for myself, comfort for others."

"And afterwards, Grace!"

Afterwards! She was not prepared for that; yet, in her own mind, she answered the question with a half prayer—"If God would but give me a chance, afterwards, I would try to find and serve Him!"

"And if you could go—if there was a chance?"

"A chance? What chance is there? I wish, Robert," impatiently, "you would tell me what you mean."

"I am going to. Do you remember the old lady who sat in Aldon's pew last Sunday?"

"Who was dressed so curiously, and looked at me so, when I sang. What has she to do with it?"

And then, very briefly, he told her that this lady was a kind of relative of hers—an aunt of her mother's; in no way, however, connected with the Danes; that she was old, and at times perfectly helpless, that she wanted a companion, to travel and live with her; and that hearing Grace sing, and finding out, by after-inquiry, who she was, she had resolved to adopt her. She had seen her guardian that day; she would come the next to the farmhouse, and if Grace went, it must be within a week; for Madam Ashmun could not remain longer at the village.

"Will you go?" he finished.

She drew two or three sharp breaths. Out in the fading sky she saw the glorious temple of her dreams rise again; in the soft gold, the pathway to another sunrise—her own life—walk, with fame at the end. Rest, time for thought and study; to go out into the great world that lay beyond these hills; to see for herself its beautiful sights; to hear music, grand melodies, whose names had rung in her ears since childhood. No more drudgery in the kitchen, no more longings for something these people could not give her. At last the way was opened; and yet, as she turned and looked at the old red house, strange tears came to her eyes. It sheltered the one being whom she loved, the one person who understood her, and who was utterly dependant upon her. Could she leave May?

"Will you go?" he repeated.

"It will be hard," in a quick underbreath, "to leave May."

"May!" he echoed the name half bitterly; "do you care for none of the rest of us, then? I know you are different from us, Grace; but some day I had thought—I had hoped—"

Her hand touched his, softly. "You have always been kind to me—much kinder than I deserved. Do not think me ungrateful; but—but I think I care for nothing now but music."

And with that she left him.

"Hity, tity!" cried Mrs. Dane, looking up from the milk she was straining, as Grace entered the kitchen; "fine times these, when s

grand lady takes you up. Companion, eh? I'd be slave to nobody."

"As well be slave to one as another," retorted Grace, as she went up stairs.

A small room, like the others in the house, almost bare of furniture, but with its window draped in white, and on the little table the few books Grace had received from her mother. In the centre of the room a little bed, and lying on it, a young girl. Slight, pale, almost deformed, Marian Dane's face had yet a quaint beauty in it. The soft gray dress, the hair clipped close to the high white forehead, the small weak hands—above all, the childish, yet strangely thoughtful expression, would have touched, even awed you.

This was the bond that held Grace to the farm-house; this pale cousin, who so needed her care. It was the conviction of duty to her that had kept Grace from making any effort for herself. Now that the way was opened, would it hold her back from it?

It did not. A week later, one dewy morning, a carriage stopped at the door of the farm-house, and Grace bade the family a very quiet farewell, held May one moment to her heart to catch her murmured, "God bless and keep you, and bring you back to me!" then she went out. Robert lifted her into the carriage, and she was gone.

A strange character was Madam Ashmun. Old, bent, decrepit, she yet held her place in the world and society by sheer force of will. At times, she was utterly helpless, but when able to be up and about, she proved that age could not entirely conquer her. Her house was a queer, old-fashioned place, haunted, as she told Grace the night of her arrival—chuckling as she did so—by the ghost of its former owner. The grounds were uncultivated, the house itself scantily furnished; yet there was an odd magnificence displayed in the apartments Madam Ashmun herself occupied—a curious richness in her dress. Once she took Grace to an old chest in her room, and displayed to her robes of stiff brocade, soft velvet, and crape, yellow with age, and then opening her jewel-case, flashed before her astonished eyes diamonds a king might have worn. Penurious in small matters, she was a munificent patron of art. Her walls were decorated with pictures and rare statues, purchased, sometimes, at enormous prices, and to pay for which, the table was stinted, and servants went for months without wages. A half sceptic, too. Voltaire and the Bible, lying side by side on her table,

and attending only those churches where the rich lights, the chanting choirs, the roll of organs, and all the poetry of ceremony appealed to her artist nature.

As for Grace, Madam Ashmun was, in her way, very kind to her. She saw that she was provided with music-masters, and she herself undertook to enlighten her in other things; the only return exacted for these favors, being perfect obedience to her somewhat capricious rule. The life that opened before Grace now, was so utterly different from her past, that it seemed almost dream-like. From toil, trouble, and poverty, she had stepped into ease and wealth. She took strange delight in rambling over the deserted garden; in lingering long hours in the little library, over quaint, musty volumes; in seeing in the grand old mirrors the reflection of her own fair figure, robed in some stiff silks belonging to her patron; more than all, in making the wide rooms ring with the music of her voice, till, to Madam Ashmun, listening in some distant part of the house, the whole air vibrated in melody, and the ghostly echoes, lying in dim corners, sent back her music, clear and silvery. She liked, too, Madam Ashmun's receptions, when the rooms were filled with authors and artists, men and women whose fame had gone down to her valley home, and helped to strengthen her own longings. An unnoticed member of the society at first, till, one night, Madam Ashmun commanded her to sing, and forgetting herself and others, in the pleasure of putting her heart into music, she sang as she never had before, the power and passion of her voice going to every heart, and waking a murmur of praise, as she finished. Madam Ashmun smiled, grimly; she had her own plans for Grace's future.

After that, invitations abroad were frequent, and Madam Ashmun's ward was taken up, petted and caressed, as she had never dreamed of being. Beauty, tact in adapting herself to her new place, and her rare gift of song, which insured her a more than formal welcome, made Grace a favorite. There were hints, too, of greater fame in the future; and Madam Ashmun had already intimated to her niece the possibility of a year in Italy.

Breaking in upon her dreams, came, sometimes, letters from the farm-house, reminding her of the past, and duties owed to others that, in her thirst for culture, she was fast forgetting. A few trembling lines from May, longer letters from Robert, both breathing the same spirit—"We miss you; we want you back." And Grace, ignoring their meaning, wrote back

brilliant descriptions of her happy life; sent books and pictures to May, and plunged deeper into study. There were times when it seemed to her that she was not as happy as she should be; that, in spite of her gayety, something was still wanting to her life; she began, now, to sigh for change, forgetting that the life she led now was the very one for which she had so often sighed. And while all these changes had been going on, the slow revolution of time had brought autumn and winter, and Grace had been gone a year.

She came in one night from the opera, where the music of Lucia di Lamermoor, the passionate love and despair of the piece had touched and thrilled her strangely; came into Madam Ashmun's room, and stood before one of the grand mirrors, a restless, dissatisfied look in her eyes. The face and figure that met her gaze were beautiful, certainly; yet, as she pushed back her heavy cape, she wondered, impatiently, if this looking well was the end of her life; if, going farther, the education and culture she was so earnestly seeking, was the best thing. Once—she remembered it now, with a pang—she had said that if God would but give her what she desired, she would seek and serve Him. But now, why was it that He seemed farther off than ever before? Why, in that little valley, among people she thought beneath her, working in low, common ways, had her prayers been more real and earnest than they were now? Why had Christ seemed nearer in the little church, where, in the singers' seats, she looked down on rows of stiff bonnets and nodding heads, and listened, wearily, to the sermon, than in those grand city churches, where everything, from the rich, subdued lights, to the minister's elegant "discourse," satisfied her æsthetic taste?

The evening had not been as pleasant as she had anticipated; one little thing had spoiled it. As they went from the brilliantly lighted opera-house to the carriage, a child whom they passed, held out her hand for a penny. A beggar, with a poverty-stricken face, old before its time; yet, with a look in her eyes that reminded her strangely of May. Poor, lonely May, whom she loved so well, yet whom—so sharply conscience upbraided her—she had deserted for her own pleasure. Suffering, of course, she knew there was in the world; sometime, when she was rich, she meant to relieve it, and then May should live with her, and have all manner of beautiful things. But now, surely the best thing she could do, was to go on in her chosen way. Now she could help May only a little; sometime she would do much for her; forgetting that the duty of the present,

small as she might think it, overbalanced the larger possibility of the future.

"There is a letter here for you, Grace," Madam's voice broke in. "It came this afternoon, while you were taking your lesson, and I forgot to give it to you;" and she placed in Grace's hands a letter from home.

It was weeks since she had heard from there, and she opened it eagerly.

Briefer than ever before, and with this postscript:

"May is now quite ill. For a month she has been gradually failing. I would not call you back here, since you do not wish to come, but I think the sight of your face would do May more good than anything else; that it might be the means of saving her."

She dropped the letter, her face paling suddenly. What could this mean? What did all the scant warning she had for the last three months been receiving, mean, but that May was ill—dying, perhaps—and needing her care?

"By the way," Madam Ashmun broke in again, "I saw Mr. Amory to-day. He starts for Italy in about six weeks, and I have fairly decided to send you with him. It will be such a chance for you," as she settled her sleeves, "and I shall expect you to come back a grand singer."

"Six weeks!" Grace's heart bounded—"I shall go home first, of course."

"Home? To Cranston? What for, pray?"

"It is so long since I have seen them," said Grace, "and I have had news here of May," handing her letter to Madam Ashmun.

The lady glanced it over. "There is nothing alarming here, that I see. Your cousin is subject to these attacks, you have told me, and why should you trouble yourself about it? By the way," as she folded the letter again, who is this person who writes? Your guardian's oldest son? A country clown, of course, as the writing would show."

"Aunt," Grace found courage to say, "I must go home. When May is ill, no one but I can nurse her, and —"

"No one but you!" echoed Madam Ashmun; and, pray, what claim has this May upon you, that you should go to her, and to these people, the ones who ruined your property, and would have kept you drudging all your life, if I had not prevented? Grace," crossing the floor, and laying her hand on the girl's shoulder, be advised by me, and remain where you are. You have barely time to prepare for your journey; and, Grace, once more, if you go there, you cannot go to Italy!"

"But, aunt, why not?" Grace cried, in a tumult of fear and alarm. "I could come back; it is only to see May. I could not go away, thousands of miles from her, without seeing her."

Madam Ashmun smiled grimly. "Very well; go if you wish; only, I warn you, that if that is your home—if you go, there you must stay. I have my reasons," she went on, inexorably, "and I mean what I say. Now ring the bell for Anice, and bring me Voltaire; I want to go to bed."

And so, that night, came the old conflict between duty and inclination. It was no common sacrifice that was required of her. Music was everything to this girl, and the longing to cultivate her power, a strong one. And now the way was opened. She could go to Italy; she could see all its splendid sights; she could study there; and, sometime—oh! fatal sometime—she might come back honored, distinguished, her wildest dream realized. And why need she go to May? As Madam Ashmun had said, she had no claim on her, only—only, she loved her so!

What need to tell of the conflict of that night? of the long battle, when, to all her passionate desires, her wild dreams, her ardent hopes, there were opposed only the pleading face of little May, and the remembrance of the past? What need to tell more than that, in the gray dawning her decision was made, with bitter weeping, with many a sharp struggle against it, as fancy brought before her all that she was leaving; but made, and firmly, and unhesitatingly.

So Grace went back to May.

The wild March blasts shaking the house in their stormy fury, the rain beating and surging against the windows, the trees bent down over the eaves, letting the wind pass through them with a shriek; outside, night and storm; inside, night and death.

A month Grace had been home; a month of toil in the sick room, and lessons learned there. Now, this wild night, she was watching a life away. Quietly May was sleeping, and beside her, Grace, half fallen over the table, at which she had been writing, slept too. One the quiet, even repose that sometimes comes before the final one; the other, the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

The striking of three, from the old clock below, that rang out with startling clearness through the silence, roused Grace at last. Looking up, she saw that the fire was nearly out, and softly rising, she replenished it; then,

when the clear blaze shot up again, came to the bedside. One look told her that the end was near. The calm, celestial peace, that comes only before death, was on every feature; and forgetting, for a moment, her own grief, she bent and kissed the pale face.

The eyes opened; feebly she tried to return the caress, then whispered, "Take me up."

It was an easy task to Grace to lift the slight figure in her arms, and, following her faint directions, sit down with her in the great rocking-chair by the fire, a heavy shawl wrapped round her.

"May," she said, as she slowly commenced rocking.

The feeble hand went up; no words were needed to tell her the truth. "I know," she whispered, faintly, "I am dying, and I'm not afraid. I trust in Christ. He has helped me all my life; He won't leave me now." She nestled closer in Grace's arms. "Don't call any one now; I want to talk to you, and it would only distress them."

There was a little silence; then, slowly, with many pauses between, May went on: "I'm tired, now; but there's rest in Heaven, you know—sweet rest. You will come too, Grace; but not till your life-work is done. There is a work for you, Grace. Mine has been a poor, weak life, and I've been tired so often; but you have strength and talent; and, Grace, you will use it for God?"

And her hot tears falling on the pleader's face, Grace promised.

"Don't cry," May said, dreamily, "it is only going to Christ, you know. Rock me, and sing China; I want to go to sleep."

So, sitting there in the softly-growing dawn, she rocked her to sleep—rocked, and sang:—

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?"

The old tune rose and fell in fitful vibrations, keeping time with the rise and fall of the wind without. Tremblingly she sang, feeling, as she never had before, the strong, majestic sorrow of the old music.

The storm fell at last; dawn brightened in the east; and the first faint reflections of the coming glory came into the chamber window. Still she rocked on, never dreaming that the end was so near.

The first ray of sunlight shot in one long, glittering spar into the chamber; then the sleeper stirred, the closed eyes opened; she put out her hands towards that brightness, and was gone.

Grace laid her down softly; then kneeling

beside her, covered her face with her hands. Afterwards, when time had partly healed the wound, she might find relief in tears. None came to her now. She felt only a dumb weight of sorrow and despair; a feeling of her loss, and blind reproaching of herself as the cause of it.

After the funeral, Grace moved about the house quiet and saddened, taking up her old duties without a word—adding others to them; for, from long care and watching, Mrs. Dane was ill. A low, nervous fever, the doctor called it; whatever it was, she rose from it a changed woman; saddened, subdued, her old temper held in check. It was but one of the fruits of May's gentle teaching; seed sown by the way-side, destined long afterwards to spring up. While she remained ill, no one seemed to notice Grace's sorrow; but when she took her old place once more—when the leisure the girl now had, was used, not for study, but for long wanderings in the grave-yard, long reveries at home, Mrs. Dane began to ask the reason. She advised the taking up once more of music; for since May's death, books had been shut, and Grace's voice silent. But Robert, better understanding the matter, would not hear of it. He saw, with clearer eyes than the others, that, in those long reveries, her soul was working out the great problem of life; that until it was solved, change of circumstances would not change her.

There came a day, in early June, when the whole earth was robed in Sabbath beauty. The broad arch of blue above them, the clear sunshine, the perfect stillness were like a blessing from Heaven. And when the family entered the door of the old church, Grace softly left them, and went up to her old place in the choir. And those below, listening to her singing, into whose every note she was weaving her own sorrow and triumph, scarcely needed the evidence of her peaceful face to tell them that she had found the refuge from all sorrow—the sure stay of the soul.

There let us leave her. Taught through trial that worldly ease and pleasure cannot give happiness, led through darkened ways into the true path, in the light of her new faith, common duties became sacred, and every little act of kindness, a blessing. If, henceforth, her life lay in low, hidden paths; if the worldly honors she had so sought, were never hers, it mattered little. Duty done, would bring at last duty's own reward; and through suffering she had learned—

"So gain we profit
By losing of our prayers."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' MOTHER.

We find in an exchange, this incident touching the mother of the eloquent and distinguished old man. No one could have appreciated it more than Gov. Briggs, whom we personally knew. Will not mothers try to make great and good men of their sons while they are small? When they are young it must be *done*, if ever.

"Twelve or fifteen years ago," says ex-Governor Briggs, "I left Washington three or four weeks in the spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams's mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age, in Europe. Says she, 'I would rather see you laid in the grave, than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.'

"After returning to Washington, I went over and said to Mr. Adams, 'I have found out who made you!'

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"I replied, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother.'

"If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, or his face have glowed more quickly than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said: 'Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me, I owe to my mother.'

"Oh, what a testimony was that, from this venerable man to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the stages of his manhood—'All that is good in me I owe to my mother!' Mothers, think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about. Mothers make the first impressions upon their children, and these are the last to be effaced."

There may be no learning, there may be no "accomplishments," but if there be a deep, fond love of nature, it compensates for the want of all, and we find a more lively and engaging companionship than in the society of the profoundest scholar who is void of it. People should cultivate this love, and bring up their children in it, if they would but realize the full beauty of the commonest objects of household ornament.

The readiest and best way to find out what future duty will be, is to do present duty.

PRINTS ON ROCKS.

BY C.

An inscription is found on a rock at Dighton, Massachusetts, which has given rise to much speculation as to who were the authors, and what was the information recorded.

The "Dighton Rock" lies on the east side of Taunton river, between high and low water marks, so that it is covered and exposed at every ebb and flow of the tide.

The inscription presents four parts, or divisions, and has no appearance of being a mere record of names and epitaphs, but is evidently intended to record some important event, probably a combat. The first part, commencing on the left, is an Indian, armed with bow and arrow, and may represent a body of armed Indians. The second appears to be all hieroglyphic, and probably its definition involves the greater part of the secret, though it doubtless refers more particularly to the first part. The third division is evidently a vessel, with bows, stern, quarter-deck, rudder, cable and anchor; a triangle on the starboard quarter denotes, in hieroglyphic language, fighting, or a place to fight from—a fort or battery; there are several double and single triangles in the second part. In the fourth are two human figures, differing from that in the first part, and without bows and arrows; they appear to represent the party connected with the vessel.

The skill displayed in drawing the Indian on the left, and the great falling off when attempting to portray a stranger, with the landmanlike shape of the vessel, are reasons of some weight, for ascribing the merit of the work to the Indians.

Other prints in rocks are found, nearly as interesting. In an open area, carefully preserved, at New Harmony, Indiana, is a tabular mass of limestone, which had been previously conveyed from the banks of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, in which are two very plain prints, or impressions of the human foot. They are, to all appearance, those of a man as he stood in an erect posture, with the left foot a little advanced, and the heels drawn in. The distance between the heels is six and a quarter inches, and between the extremities of the toes, thirteen and a half. The length of each foot is ten and a quarter inches, and the breadth, at the greatest spread of the toes, is four and a half inches, which diminishes to two and a half

at the heel. By a close inspection, it will be perceived that these are not the impressions of feet accustomed to the close shoe—the toes being much spread, and the foot flattened—but were probably made by some individual of a race of men at a period much anterior to that to which any tradition of the present race of Indians reaches. The impressions are strikingly natural, exhibiting the muscular marks of the foot with great precision and faithfulness to nature.

Foot-prints on rocks may also be seen in Union county, Georgia, west of the Blue Ridge, where more than one hundred tracks of animals, such as the bear, deer, fox, lion, horse, and others, may be seen distinctly imprinted on what is now solid rock. One horse-track is eighteen by twelve inches, and must have been the animal ridden by the great warrior whose track appears near by, being that of a human foot seventeen and a half inches in length. All the other tracks are of the natural size.

Engraved rocks are also found in many places. In a valley bordering on the upper regions of the Sinai mountains, are cliffs and rocks thickly covered with inscriptions, which are continued, at intervals of a few hundred paces only, for at least the distance of ten miles. The inscriptions are very rudely executed—sometimes with large letters, at others with small, and seldom in straight lines. The characters appear to be written from right to left, and an instrument of metal must have been required, although not cut deep, as the rock is of considerable hardness. The characters are not known, some of which are fifteen feet from the ground. The superior of the Franciscans, who visited the place in 1722, observes: "We had of our party men who understood the Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Armenian, Syriac, Coptic, Illyrian, Turkish, Bohemian, German, French and English languages; there was not one of us who had the slightest knowledge of the characters engraved in these hard rocks with great labor, in a country where there is nothing to be had either to eat or drink. Hence, it is probable that these characters contained some profound secrets, which, long before the birth of Christ, were sculptured in these rocks by the Chaldeans or some other persons."

This account excited profound attention in so much Scriptural interest, being not far from Europe, and copies of the inscriptions have the land of Uz, and are by some supposed to have been done by the Israelites during their the more interesting, from being in a region of stay in that region.

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROCKWELL.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Vintner to her husband, looked sad as he realized what it must be to an invalid to be shut up all the bright spring days in a tone of dismay, "I really don't know what with a snuffy old nurse and a pouting, sulky we shall do with Susan."

The lady was seated in her chamber, in an easy chair, beside a small table, on which was a tray containing a breakfast, evidently designed for an invalid. Her pale face had only the faintest touch of convalescent bloom to brighten it. A little pink baby of four weeks old lay

sleeping in a crib near her, and in the adjoining room, a lusty little fellow of three years was roguishly evading the efforts of the nurse to dress him. Mr. Vintner stood at the glass on the opposite side of the room, putting some finishing touches to his toilet, before going down town to business.

"What is the matter with her now?" he queried, turning his handsome face towards his wife's, and catching the look of annoyance which marked it at the moment.

"I don't know, I am sure; she is so strange in her ways. Whenever she does anything wrong, or makes a mistake, and I speak to her about it, she begins to cry, and goes about whimpering and sulking for hours after. It is so provoking!"

"Yes, I know that is her way. But what ails her just now? She went out of the room with her apron to her eyes, as if she were in terrible trouble."

"Nothing, but that she poured my tea into the cup half an hour before I was ready to drink it, and when I asked for some that was hot, she had set the teapot away, and there was none. I began to explain to her how she should have done; and, as usual, she burst into tears, and began to say she never could suit me; and, leaving everything, went out of the room crying as if terribly abused. Now I shall have nothing but red eyes and sour, deprecating looks all day."

"It is too bad, my dear—really too bad. I am sorry you should be annoyed with such a servant just now, when you need cheerfulness and quiet."

And the happy young husband and father

replied; "but really, I don't know how she

servant. Some men can sympathize with such things, and Harry Vintner was one of them.

The tender sympathy of his voice and manner brightened the wife's face and heart.

"Oh, it is nothing, after all," she said, looking up into his face, as he bent over her to say good-by, with something of girlish vivacity.

"I ought not to trouble you with it. I suppose it troubles me more because I am not very strong yet."

"Well, darling try to be as patient as you can," he said, with a kiss; "I'll stop at Jane's and ask her to be on the look-out for a good cook for us. There's no use in bearing with Susan any longer. Meantime, while we must, bear it bravely, little woman!"

It was not hard for Mary Vintner, sunny-

tempered as she naturally was, to rise above the temporary annoyance.

"It's a shame for me to mind a little thing like that, or speak to Harry about it," she said to herself, after he was gone. "With him and the dear children I ought to be happy enough to afford a little extra sunshine for poor Susan, trying as she is."

But the vexatious servant, and the effect of her conduct upon the spirits of his delicate young wife, slowly convalescing as she was, were in Mr. Vintner's thoughts much of the morning. Devotedly fond of his family, he could not bear that a cloud should settle over the home-circle, even though it were "no bigger than a man's hand."

About eleven o'clock, he called on business at the store of a friend, with whose family he and his wife were on terms of social intimacy. Before he left, Mr. Convers asked:

"How is Mrs. Vintner to-day?"

The question brought freshly up again the anxiety of the morning.

"Oh, she is getting along tolerably well," he

replied; "but really, I don't know how she

manages to do it. The temper she has to contend with is enough to keep her sick all summer."

"What——? Beg your pardon, Harry; there is a customer I must see attended—wait until I get one of the clerks to wait on him. Mrs. Convers is very anxious to hear particularly from your wife to-day. I'll be back in a moment." Coming up a few minutes after, he went on—"What were you saying?—Temper?"

"Yes, temper," said Harry; "some folks wouldn't call it that, but I do. She is well treated, but you'd think she suffered a heavy grievance all the time. It is unendurable."

"You surprise me. I supposed she was particularly amiable."

"I dare say you did. Everybody does, who comes to the house. But I tell you, she has the most intolerable temper in the world."

"Is it possible? You speak frankly, Harry, and I will. What has happened? Tell me how it was."

"Oh, it is nothing new. Not a word can be said to her of a fault or a mistake, but she commences weeping and lamenting, as if cruelly abused; and then she wears such an injured air for hours after. If she broke out in a passion, and was done with it, it would not be so bad; but a crying woman is abominable, when she cries at every trifle."

"Exactly. But, my dear friend, it may not be so bad after Mrs. Vintner is recovered to health, you know."

"I don't see that that will make any difference. I've no faith in anything changing her disposition. She is a constitutional martyr, you know; never so happy as when she is miserable. I think there should be a limit to endurance in these cases, and resolved this morning that I was nearing it."

"Indeed!" said his friend, with a concerned air, and shrugging his shoulders, "is it so bad as that?"

"So bad, that there's no peace nor comfort in the house for days together," replied Vintner. "I am not apt to speak of domestic affairs so freely; but it was on my mind, and you must excuse me. My regards to Mrs. Convers. Good-by."

And the friends separated.

"Have you seen Harry Vintner to-day?" asked Mrs. Convers, at dinner-time.

"Yes; he came in this morning."

"I hope you remembered to ask about Mary. I feel quite alarmed about some of her symptoms."

"Yes; I asked how she was; and, really, Louisa, he spoke very strangely about her."

"Strangely! Why, does he think her dangerously ill?"

"Oh, no; but he answered my question about her health quite indifferently, to the effect that she was doing well enough, or something of that sort; and then—well, I was busy watching a new customer, that the clerks neglected to serve, and didn't quite catch his first remark; but he went on, in a very disturbed manner, to say that she was petulant and unaccountable in her moods, and that every time he spoke to her, she burst out crying, and was sulky and solemn all the time, and so on. Did you ever know of any domestic trouble there?"

"No; I never even suspected it. Poor thing! it must be her health. He ought to be ashamed to speak of it. She is always so amiable and cheerful."

"I said as much to him; but he retorted that folks might think so, that just came to the house; but she was far from amiable. In fact, he said she had a most intolerable temper."

"Why, George! can it be possible? And he always seemed to think so much of her! That is just the way with these married folks who make such a fuss over each other before folks! Another Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, I declare!"

"Well, there's evidently something wrong; he was absolutely savage this morning; said there was no peace nor comfort in the house, and intimated that he should not continue to live with her."

"Well, I must say he is unfeeling, to talk about a sick wife in that way, at any rate. I suppose she is a little low-spirited, being shut up so long; but she will get over it, when she is better."

"I told him so. I said no doubt she would be better, when she got well."

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, he only shrugged his shoulders, and said there was no hope of it; her sickness made no difference."

"How strange you must have felt! I declare, it seems as if I couldn't believe it!"

"I was so dashed I hardly knew what to say to him. I wouldn't wonder if he applied for a divorce any day, on the ground of incompatibility, or something of the sort, for he seemed perfectly furious for a quiet fellow like him."

"Well, I wouldn't have thought it!" ejaculated Mrs. Convers, and relapsed into a reverie, the result of which was a resolution to visit her friend as soon as possible, and find out her version of the affair.

The next morning, at the earliest hour admissible for a call, Mrs. Convers was shown up to Mrs. Vintner's room. Her sympathy, perplexity and curiosity had increased the more she thought over the startling intelligence communicated by her husband, and she could scarcely wait for an opportunity to investigate the matrimonial labyrinth so suddenly opened to view.

Mrs. Vintner sat by the window with her baby on her lap, watching its little features with a quiet smile. After the usual inquiries were over, in reply to which she represented herself as rapidly improving now, and expressed a hope soon to be able to ride, her visitor began to approach the topic uppermost in her thoughts.

"I suppose you get very tired and low-spirited, Mary, being shut up so long."

"Yes, indeed, I do," was the reply; "I know I ought not to," she added, penitently, "but you know I have not been out of the house since New Year's day, and it is almost the middle of May."

"I don't wonder at all, my dear; I said to George, you must be sad and worried. Of course, it would affect your spirits."

"Yes, I can see that it does, very much," said Mrs. Vintner. "Little things trouble me a great deal more than they used to, and I cry so easily. I tell Harry he ought to make great allowance for me, if I don't keep bright and cheerful all the time."

"So he ought," said her visitor, warmly; "but, my dear, men are so thoughtless and selfish on these things, you know. They must have a sunny face, and think themselves abused if they see a tear shed, no matter what trials a wife may have."

"Do you think so? I have been really afraid I should tire Harry with my nervousness. He is very kind, you know; but sometimes I fancy he misses little enjoyments, and company, and all such things we could have when I was well;" and little Mary Vintner sighed.

"I wouldn't worry about it, child," said Mrs. Convers; "if he can't see why you are sad and nervous, I am sure he ought to. I told George, that Harry shouldn't call you petulant and ill-tempered, even if you did cry sometimes."

"Oh, I don't think Harry would do that," she said, hastily; "but I have often resolved not to speak to him about the servants, or anything that vexed me; but, you know, before I think, out it comes."

"All men are inconsiderate," said Mrs. Convers, oracularly. "You need not reproach yourself, my dear; I don't think you have been

a bit to blame, and I told George so, when he told me what Mr. Vintner said yesterday about you."

"What Mr. Vintner said!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes, dear; I don't want to hurt your feelings, but still it is better you should know, for it will stop your self-reproaches."

"What did he say?" queried Mary, a bright red spot rising on her cheek.

"Oh, only about the same you have just said yourself, except that he used rather harsher words to express it. I felt really sorry, for I saw at once how it was; you are sick and depressed, and he, not seeing it, thinks you are cross and sullen. George told him plainly that everybody thought you the most amiable of women."

"Did my husband say that I was cross, and sullen, and ill-tempered?" said poor Mary, the tears choking her voice.

"I believe those are the very words he used, Mary, and I did think you ought to know it. Now, don't weep over it, dear, but rouse your spirit a little, and not be reproaching yourself for not making a man happy, when he is so cruel and selfish. All your friends will take your part, for they know you to be sweet-tempered and cheerful when you are well, and will despise a man who talks about a poor, sick wife being 'unendurable,' and says he thinks of leaving her."

This was going too far. The bitterness of the last words roused Mrs. Vintner, even from her surprise and grief, to a consciousness of what she was doing in permitting even an intimate friend to speak thus of her husband. Her delicate, sensitive, conscientious nature took the alarm, and prompted her to choke back the storm of tears and sobs that threatened to overwhelm her.

"We will not talk about this any more, if you please, Louisa," she said, with a simple dignity, which Mrs. Convers could not gainsay. And feeling rather uncomfortably, after all her friendly offices, that lady soon withdrew.

Poor Mary's burdened heart could hold out no longer than until she heard the hall door close upon the retiring caller. Ringing for nurse to take the baby, she tottered to the bed, threw herself upon it, and hid her face in the pillows.

"I know," she said, between her sobs—"I know I have let Harry see how much Susan worried me, over and over again, and I complained to him of how nurse kept little Ernie too closely shut up, and made him sick, in spite of all I could say; and he came home and

found me crying, the day mother did not come when I expected her. But, oh, dear! I didn't think he would go and talk to other people about it. Why didn't he tell me I was cross? I suppose he was afraid to scold me, for fear I would be worse. I know it's all true; but oh, if he only hadn't told people about it!" and the morbidly conscientious little woman wept, and reproached herself, and blamed Harry in turn, until, coming home to dinner at three o'clock, her husband found her in a feverish, excitable state, which greatly puzzled him when he remembered how bright and happy he had left her in the morning.

But, though she had resolved not to tell him a word, it was not long before the whole story was told by the quivering lips, while her head lay pillowed upon Harry's breast.

"Why, my darling, it was Susan I was talking about! I told Convers she plagued your life out with her crying and sulking, and I did not see how you managed to improve at all, with such a trial."

"And he thought you were talking about me!" She could laugh now, and they both

did laugh over the awkward misunderstanding.

"I thought he took it very seriously, and gave him credit for a deal of friendly interest," said Harry; "but now, love, I must go right around and explain it to him. Think what the consequences might have been, if you had brooded over this for weeks or months, and never told me! After this, I must be careful how and to whom I reveal the startling fact that I am about to dismiss a servant! But, I can't help thinking Mrs. Convers was in a deuced hurry to tell you of it!"

Half an hour later, the affair had been fully explained, to the great relief of Mr. Convers, but somewhat to the disappointment of his wife, her mother, and maiden sister, to the two latter of whom Mrs. Convers was communicating the story in all its thrilling details, when he came home to tea and added the climax. There remains nothing more to add, except the fact that the Vintners and Converses, although very good friends, have never been quite so intimately social since that morning

call and its denouement.

MRS. JORDAN'S LESSON.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Mrs. Martin sat in the office at the terminus of one of the street railroads. A car was expected to move off in a few minutes. It was a clear frosty morning in December, and bitter cold. But she did not mind the cold just then, bundled up as she was, and the fire burning so briskly in the office.

A door, opening into a drinking saloon, was ajar. Two men were at the bar, leaning lazily against it, each with a glass in his hand. One of them was a young man of her acquaintance, Clay Jordan, by name. He was a worthless, dissolute young fellow. He had broken over the barriers of religious training and religious companionship, fearing not the threats of his father, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his mother, and often bringing the blush of shame to the cheeks of his lovely, sweet-tempered sister. His eyes were bleared, his face bloated, his clothes shabby. His hair had dropped over his forehead, his beard was tangled, and his hands shook nervously.

"Oh, Clay Jordan!" said Mrs. Martin to herself, with a sigh. "A mere wreck in life, tossing about upon the billows of sensuality and

passion; no pride, no shame, no manliness. How strange it is that some young men will thus throw themselves away, sacrificing all the social and educational advantages of the past, and all the brilliant prospects in the future!"

"Say, Clay, how did you make the raise?" asked young Jordan's companion. "Yesterday you were 'dead broke.'"

"So I was, Musser. I got hold of the 'old woman's' watch and chain, and 'up the spout' it went. It's at Braiser's, in Ninth Street."

Clay Jordan called for more liquor; the car was pushing out, and Mrs. Martin took a seat in it. Though not familiar with the slang of the brothel, she correctly surmised that to "put a thing up the spout," meant disposing of it at the pawnbroker's.

When Mrs. Martin reached her home, she went to her room, to lay aside her bonnet and furs.

"Ma," said her little daughter, opening the door, "a woman is waiting for you in the kitchen. She came about an hour ago. She is in search of a place."

"I will be down directly," said Mrs. Martin.

She found the applicant to be a young woman, tidily dressed, with ruddy cheeks, clear eyes, and honest-looking face.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Rachel Pierce," answered the girl.

"Have you any recommendations?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why is that? With whom did you live last?"

"With Mrs. Jordan."

"Why did you leave there?"

"I was dismissed."

"What for?"

"I was charged with theft."

The blood for a moment colored the cheeks of the young girl, and her eyes moistened.

"You are very candid," said Mrs. Martin.

"I was always taught to be."

"And, after such a confession, you expect me to hire you?"

"I did not make any confession. I did not steal anything."

"There must have been some grounds for the charge."

"None beyond the fact that the article was missed. I did not take it. I do not know who did."

"What was missed?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Mrs. Jordan's gold watch and chain."

"And you do not know where it is?"

"I do not; indeed, I do not. Pray, Mrs. Martin, give me a place, if but for awhile. Please do. This is the fifth place I have applied to-day, each time telling my story as I have told it to you, and each time quietly dismissed."

The young girl bravely crushed back the struggling sobs and tears.

"Are you badly in want of a place?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"I am. My reputation is to be re-established, my character to be restored. Time will do that. Then we are in distress. Mother is an invalid, and the winter is here. It is as much as brother and I can do to support her."

"Your air, your appearance, your language, betray that you have seen better circumstances."

"I have, indeed. Reverses will come—and sometimes in spite of watchfulness, economy, and integrity of purpose. I might have taught school, or turned governess; but too many seek those avenues. I hired out as a domestic; such help is constantly needed; I had no pride to be wounded, no false ideas of conventionalism to be shocked. I took up my new duties as a woman should have taken them up; I do not

feel that I have in any manner disgraced myself or my family. I do not wish to be anything more than you engage me for—a hired girl, with stout heart, strong arms, and a will to work, at a stipulated price per week."

"You may stay, Rachel," said Mrs. Martin, kindly. "I am pleased to say that I am in possession of facts that will thoroughly vindicate your character."

A bright light flooded the young girl's eyes. She brought her hands quickly together—"What are they? How did you learn them?" she asked.

"Mrs. Jordan's watch was stolen by her worthless son, and pawned. I overheard him tell as much to a companion, not more than two hours ago. This evening, I shall write to Mrs. Jordan about the matter."

Three weeks afterwards, Mrs. Martin called on Mrs. Jordan. They were old friends. The latter wore her watch and chain.

"You have found your watch, I see," said Mrs. Martin.

"Did you know that it had been lost? I recovered it the next day."

"Who had stolen it?"

"Oh, I had mislaid it."

"Mrs. Jordan!" said Mrs. Martin, reprovingly.

Mrs. Jordan colored. "How much do you know about the matter?" she asked.

"I know all about it," said Mrs. Martin. "It was I who sent you the unsigned note, informing you where the property was."

"You make me blush for the shame of my son, Mrs. Martin. To shield him, I departed from the truth, when I said that I had mislaid the watch."

"I have something else to say in connection with this matter, Mrs. Jordan. You will not take offence?"

"We are old friends. You have spoken plainly to me before."

"But not vaingloriously—not in the spirit of self-righteousness. You charged Rachel Pierce with the theft of the watch?"

"I did."

"And dismissed her?"

"I did."

"After you found out—almost the next day—that she was innocent, what steps did you take to vindicate her character—to soothe her wounded spirit—to remedy the wrong you had done her?"

Mrs. Jordan bowed her head. Her cheeks tinged with mortification. "To my shame be

it said, I did nothing. I have grievously wronged the poor girl."

"Indeed you have. A warm-hearted, honest, sensitive girl, she was thrown into the channel in which she moved by a current that may sometime carry our own children thitherward. Peremptorily dismissed, without recommendations—her character seemingly disgraced, she repeatedly applied for a situation, and was repeatedly refused. Driven to despair, crushed by the necessity of circumstances, fair in face and fine in form, what was to save her from dashing headlong into the paths of wretchedness and shame? Perhaps the strength of integrity within her own soul; perhaps the religious training of her youth; perhaps the prayers of a righteous mother; perhaps nothing but a direct interposition of the providence of God."

Mrs. Martin paused. Her friend was weeping bitterly. Her repentance was sincere.

"At eleven o'clock last night," resumed Mrs. Martin, "after the adjournment of the lecture, I passed a drinking saloon. Some men rudely thrust a girl out of it upon the pavement. The light from the window streamed upon her. She was staggering drunk. A horrid imprecation burst from her crimson lips. She was a mere wreck of a once superb loveliness—now devoid of virtue, shame—every redeeming trait. Oh! it made me shudder!"

Mrs. Jordan got up from the chair in her excitement. There was an expression of horror on her face. Her hands worked nervously. "Was that Rachel Pierce?" she asked, huskily.

"No; it was not?"

"Thank God!" cried Mrs. Jordan, sinking back into her chair.

"It might have been her."

"Oh, do not mention it, Mrs. Martin! Oh, how I have wronged that poor girl! How shameful and neglectful has been my conduct! I will hunt her up, at once."

"She is safe," said Mrs. Martin.

"Where?"

"With me. She has been with me since the day that she left you—that you sent her away. Had I not been aware of the true facts connected with the theft of the watch, I, too, perhaps, would have sent her away. That knowledge may have been her salvation. I have found her to be a most excellent girl."

"That she was, and is, Mrs. Martin. I have learned a bitter lesson. I shall make Rachel Pierce the fullest amends that I can."

On the Sabbath following this interview,

Rachel Pierce called on her mother. She was a pale, intellectual woman, confined to the house, and much of the time to her bed, by a diseased spine. But she bore her affliction patiently, never complaining, and generally in good spirits.

"A gentleman called here yesterday, Rachel," said her mother. "A dark, stern-featured man. It was a Mr. Jordan, quite likely the one at whose house you lived a while. He will take Charlie in his store next week, at very good wages. He also said that we must remove to one of his houses—one more comfortable than this one, and nearer to the store.—We are to live rent free."

God is very kind to us; aint He, mother?" said Rachel. "Mrs. Jordan is at the bottom of this. She wishes to make reparation for her false accusation against me."

"So I suspected, dear. That note on the table is no doubt from her."

Rachel Pierce took up the note and opened it. It read as follows:—

"MISS RACHEL PIERCE:—I confess, in deep humility and shame, that I have grievously wronged you. I charged you with the perpetration of a crime of which you were innocent. The injustice towards you was visited upon my own head in bitterness and tears in the hour when I discovered the thief to be of my own flesh and blood. For my further injustice to you (inasmuch as I did not forthwith seek you out and make such redress as might have been possible) I have no excuse to offer but that of sheer thoughtlessness. Is your Christian charity abundant enough to be satisfied with an excuse so flimsy? Rachel, forgive me all—everything; the false charge, the biting words accompanying it, the subsequent neglect. I have been sufficiently punished. I will make such reparation as I can.

Yours respectfully,

"CATHARINE JORDAN."

Rachel Pierce called on Mrs. Jordan, pardoned her freely, and ever afterwards found in her a true friend.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers on their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

The vulgar are not necessarily the ignorant, but the proud and the selfish, whatever their rank in society.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY M. O. JOHNSON.

"You little mischief! What are you up to, now? I'll teach you better, you naughty, naughty child!"

It was on the mother's lip to say this; and, for the moment, in her heart to act in accordance with it. But a better thought came into her mind, and she paused an instant, keeping back the hasty words. It cost her an effort, for she was young, impetuous, high-spirited, a very nice housekeeper; and here was her boy, Willie, of two or three years, busily engaged in drawing a "horse and cart," as it seemed to his active fancy, on the parlor wall. To his mother's eye, the delicate, pretty wall-paper, with its rose-buds scattered on a white ground, was not improved by the young artist's handiwork. It was provoking, when her girl was sick, and she had all the work to do, and had only left him five minutes, with his playthings and a picture-book, to keep him out of mischief, to think that he should stray into that one forbidden place, and do a forbidden thing, just where it mattered most. But she conquered her angry feeling, and laying her hand gently on the child's shoulder, with the other she took away his pencil, and said, calmly, though gravely:—

"Willie, don't you know that was naughty? Mamma told you not to write on the wall."

The boy had raised his little hands, to plead for his pencil, but he dropped them instantly, while a look of surprise and pain swept over his face. His lip quivered as he met his mother's serious eyes, and the tears rolled down, as he said, earnestly:—

"Oh, mamma! Willie *did* forget. Willie so sorry, mamma!"

Mrs. Lawson felt in her heart that the child's words were true; and, grateful for the better thought that had come to her—the strength that had been given to rule herself, she took her boy in her lap, and spoke gently, tenderly to him, wiping away his tears.

"Willie, dear, you must try to remember. You don't want to do what papa and mamma don't like, and spoil our pretty house, do you?"

Willie looked up in amazement. "Don't you tink Willie's hort be *pitty*, mamma?" he asked.

Two months had passed, and an awful shadow brooded over the hitherto happy home. There were anxious vigils, and sad silence, and a wrestling of prayer by Willie's bedside. The doctor came and went, with few words, and a face carrying with it more of sympathy than of hope or encouragement. Willie had always been healthy, and

his mother, though young, was careful and judicious; but with no note of warning, by some unseen and unsuspected door, that terrible disease, that only those who have seen it can imagine, croup had entered. Ah! in that trial-time, when prayer swelled up from anguished hearts, and love could scarcely feel weariness, doing all that human love might do, by day or night—in that hour, again and again, the recollection of the little scene in the parlor, only two months before, when she had never even fancied such an experience as this, thrilled the mother's soul with thanksgiving. She knew, then, that if she had been unjust or impatient with her child, the remembrance would, in this dark hour be her keenest pang; it seemed to her that every hasty word she had ever spoken to her boy, every impatient feeling even, came back at this time. But the dreaded cup passed, and Willie seemed twice given, when father and mother held him to their grateful hearts, in the glad certainty of recovery.

Afterwards, whenever Mrs. Lawson's eye rested on the rude picture, which still remained—for though she, at first, had intended to erase it she had been so busy before Willie's sickness that it was forgotten—it seemed a watchword, a reminder, a talisman that quieted wrong feelings, and brought into play her love and gratitude.

For years it remained there; and when new paper was needed, Mrs. Lawson herself so carefully removed the strip traced by baby fingers, that it was not torn, and laid it in her drawer as a precious thing. By that time, seven little ones gathered around her fireside, and that picture had been a medium of good to them all, though they knew it not.

There Willie found it, when grown to manhood.

It is Christmas Eve. Peace and good-will abide in the comfortable, well-ordered home of the Lawson family. The dark-winged angel has sometimes overshadowed that home, but never borne any away. All are gathered, now, beside its fire, save one. Willie, the first-born, is a painter, studying his profession in that land of beauty and art—sunny Italy. But he is well, expected home before this festive season shall return, and a long letter, this evening received, and replete with hopeful affection and earnest purpose, seems the thing next best to seeing him.

But scarcely is the letter read, when they are surprised by the arrival of a package, containing a Christmas gift, which, to their hearts, must ever be beyond all price. It is a picture, delicate and rich in coloring, graceful in design, of a little child, drawing on a wall. Fastened to one corner of the

frame, is a tiny note, inscribed simply, "Mother."

All gather eagerly around. The picture is held in every light, examined, and talked about in tones of loving enthusiasm; but "mother" sits silent till one of the younger children addresses a remark directly to her—"I wonder, mother, why Will chose this

subject? It is beautiful; but it seems a little strange to send us from Italy just what he might find any day in our neighbors' houses."

And then "mother," with eyes a little moist, and lips a little unsteady, told, for the first time, to them the story of the child's "writing on the wall."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

MAX.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Maximilian Bowers came out of the house that morning, and took his way down the old lane-road to the school beyond the pastures—a boy stumbling up somewhere into his twelfth birthday. There was nothing to please fastidious eyes about him on that especial morning. His tanned, freckled, homely face was surmounted with thick, coarse, yellow hair; he had considerably outgrown the faded suit of clothes which had been originally fashioned for him out of some coarse, dark blue cloth, and his bare, soiled feet looked larger than ever, as they trotted along through the grass, on which the sand of morning dews still clung thick as hoarfrost.

It was a pleasant morning in May; the soft, strong air was luxuriously seasoned with the smell of the freshly-turned earth and all the wild blossoming of tree and woodbines. There was a playful waking and hushing of winds among the leaves, a quiver and murmur of fresh, warm life everywhere, and overhead a cloudless sky, with a sun "rejoicing as a strong man to run his race."

All these things would have usually awakened some deep, delicious response in the soul of Maximilian Bowers; he was bewildered, cramped, purblind in a good many directions; but he was at home with Nature—at home with sky and earth, mountain and pasture, the brook, with its lisping laughter, and the river, in its broad, serene, solemn strength, "seeking the sea"—at home with all the joy, and growth, and beauty, with all the storm, and wildness, and wrath of Nature, some voice in his soul answering to all the moods of the seasons. They were perpetual comfort and company, delight to his soul, too often tried, harassed, perplexed elsewhere. For Max had had a pretty tough time of it, all things considered, during these first twelve years of his "strutting on the stage of life."

Small time and chance for "strutting," though, with Max! There were few footlights, and very little dazzle and display in his part of the drama, thus far.

The truth is, Max had an uncomfortable sort of

home. His mother was a sour, fretful, fault-finding woman, much inclined to look upon the dark side of life, to see its troubles, and discomforts, and angularities; of which, dear children, we can all find enough, if we do not shut our eyes and turn our heads away.

Now, it is a great misfortune for a boy or girl to have such a mother as was this Maximilian Bowers'. I do not believe in too far ignoring facts to you children, and I know many of you have instinct enough to see faults and failings in your elders.

Mrs. Bowers meant, in a general way, to do what was right. She loved Max with that deep, mother-love which, upon occasion, would have risked her life for his. But people may possibly go to dungeon and stake for us, who would, on the whole, be dreadfully uncomfortable to live with every day.

Mrs. Bowers never once in her life stopped to consider that she owed to the children whom God had given her, a pleasant face, a cheerful voice; hers had a trick of tone that rasped one's nerves at times; or her depressed moods, which were her prevailing ones, fell like a visible chill and darkness upon the young souls around her.

Maximilian—you will wonder how the country boy came by this royal name, and I hope it will suggest to you something of the grand courts and the gorgeous shows far across the sea, more than three centuries ago, and the old German emperor that moved among his princely knights and vassals in the old times, that shine down upon us with a marvellous grace and lustre, but that, after all, are not half so good as the new.

Mrs. Bowers had read somewhere a story of the old monarch in his grand palace, with his princes and archbishops doing homage about him; so she took down the stately old German name, about which some lustre of sceptre and crown still lingered, and blew off the dust of centuries from it, and she set it on the round, curly head of her boy, as he slept in his pine cradle in the old farm-house. But the name soon dwindled into Max, and the boy might have forgotten what remained of it, if he had not been obliged to write his whole name

on the fly-leaf of some occasional book that fell into his possession.

Mrs. Bowers was not a severe, hardly a strict mother; but she made a point of seeing all her children's faults in the same exaggerated colors that she did every wrong thing in the world. She was always holding these up before them—always implying, if not insisting, that they were the most incorrigible, ungrateful, indolent, inefficient of the human brood, and that she herself was the most innocent, the most unhappy and unfortunate of mothers.

Poor Max! If he could only have shaken off the damp, clinging rainy-day influence of this manner and talk! But Mrs. Bowers was his mother, and his heart clung to her with that strong clinging tie of mother and child, which will bear almost any strain before it will break asunder.

This morning of which I write, poor Mrs. Bowers had been especially doleful, and poor Max especially miserable. There was no denying that Mrs. Bowers had a great deal to vex her. Her husband was coarse, indolent, sordid, and it was a struggle to make both ends meet with the little farm that was never managed to good advantage.

Max wondered, as he plodded on his way to school that morning, with the cloud on his brow and the gloom in his heart, whether he was what his mother had said, "the worst boy in the wide world; a perpetual trouble, vexation, misery to her." She could not understand why such an affliction should have fallen to her life.

Max felt wretched, and almost as though he was guilty of a great sin in having been born at all. His mother never seemed to find anything but the evil side in him, and he drew up more than one sigh from that little brimful heart of his, and sent it out on the sweet spring air.

With all his homeliness and clumsiness, those who knew Max well, said, "there was the making of more than an ordinary man in him." He had a bright, swift, prompt intellect, which was slaking its young thirst as well as it could at the small fountain of the district school; and he had energy, courage, persistency, which were sure to make themselves known and felt in time, only it takes growth and years to mature such qualities.

As Max moved up the lane in the spring brightness and life, with the gloom in the boy's face and the chill on his soul, a little brown sparrow dropped from a maple twig overhead, and hung fluttering and swinging on a tuft of grass in the road-side at his feet. The robins and swallows were singing around, the air was one grand burst of bird joy and melody, but Max's soul had sat in darkness, and for once, he had not heard the sweet May singing. But that little sparrow, fluttering at his feet, brought to his thoughts the dear old Bible words: "None of them falleth to the ground without their Father."

Clear as a bell, sweet as a hymn, the words

floated into the boy's soul, and the warmth and the light came with them. His thoughts burst their chains, and went out, like Christian from the dungeon in which they were bound.

"After all, God knew, and He who loved the little sparrow, who watched over its flight, and made tender its fall, would have pity upon him who was of more value than many of these."

Doubt, perplexity, fear, slipped away, a new softness came into the boy's face, his whole nature opened to all the sweet influences and voices of the spring morning, and Max felt, as the small brown bird floated away, that God had sent to his tired, troubled, perplexed soul, a witness of His own loving kindness and tender mercies.

He will never forget that morning, nor how things seemed to clear up to his childish vision, and how he felt that God knew, understood, and pitied all his blindness, and bewilderment, and yearnings—yearnings to do right, that seemed baffled on every side, until he felt just like letting everything good go, and giving himself up, and being just as bad as his mother was always insisting he was.

But Max felt that God had sent him a message in the bird that came and went at his feet, and that, in substance, it was—"I know it all, my child—the groping, the faint-heartedness, the sinking of soul and body. But I am strong, and greater than my strength, is my tenderness. Trust the trouble to me. I, who take care of the sparrow, watch over you too, of more value than many sparrows."

As I said, Max will never forget that morning—never!

Dear children, I know that you, too, have your sorrows to bear, your dark, groping moods—that your home lives and loves are not always and altogether happy, and that your poor little souls have too often to struggle silently with your griefs. And, as with older souls, so I know it must be with yours, that the things which God has made will often help and comfort you beyond all human voices. His skies, with their beauty of sun and stars—His earth, with its glory of trees and flowers—His waters, singing in brooks and rushing in rivers, and rolling back and forth in the strong joy of ocean tides, all have a witness to bear of Himself.

Go out with your tired, troubled hearts, and listen to the singing of the birds, and search for flowers among the grasses, and behold the warm, blessed sunlight, and take courage and be of good cheer.

A QUEER PARCEL.

The following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in the columns of a recent number of a newspaper:—"Lost, by a poor lad tied up in a brown paper, with a white string, a German flute in an overcoat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

NELLIE'S PETS.

BY J. M. M'C.

Nellie Graham was a light-hearted, happy little girl, full of strong impulses, which quite carried her away with them, what little time they lasted, but about as fickle as a butterfly, flitting from one fair blossom to another. She had a succession of favorites the whole year through, which each in turn claimed her whole care and attention. She was the only child of her parents, and her mother being an invalid, and her father quite occupied with business, she was left largely dependant on herself for amusement and employment. Yet everybody loved her, she had such a cheery face, and such a kind little heart.

One morning, the gardener from a neighboring country-seat called, and presented the little lady with a rose-bush, in an earthen pot. The branches were entirely covered with beautiful flowers and tiny buds, and with care, the gardener said, it would blossom on for many months. The little girl's eyes danced with joy at her new treasure, and with warm words of thanks and a kiss on the old man's cheek, she ran away to her own apartment, to select the best place for her flower to stand.

How carefully Nellie tended her favorite rose as the days wore on. She seemed never to tire of its beauties, every morning counting over the newly opened blossoms, and cutting a sweet one to place in her mother's bosom, to cheer the sick room. The lady began to hope that her little daughter was overcoming her fickleness, and rejoiced at the improvement.

Birthday approached, and Nellie was to have a few little friends to visit her. Some new dresses were to be made up—the prettiest she had ever had, as this was her “first party,” and with all her heart she entered into the preparations. The great dining-room was to be trimmed with evergreens, with little tissue roses twined among the long dark wreaths. Early and late Nellie might be seen with her box of papers, saucer of paste, and scissors, preparing the pretty decorations. The servants entered into her plans heartily, as anything to please Miss Helen and vary the dullness of the quiet house, was a pleasure to them also.

The important evening arrived, and Nellie went down to her mother's room, to show the pretty white dress, with its gauze sash and pink rosettes. She looked very charming, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks glowing with excitement, and perhaps a little undue flattery from her maid.

“It is very well,” said her mother, quietly, “only you need one little rose in your hair. Run up to your room and bring me one, dear, and I will arrange it for you.”

Her rose-bush! She had not once thought of it these ten days! With many misgivings, she walked slowly up the broad staircase, and went to

the little recess by the window, where her flower was kept. Alas, what a sad change! A bare, black stalk with a few parched and withered leaves clinging to it, while many lay crumpled and faded on the dry mould beneath it. Exposed daily to the hot sun rays without a drop of moisture, it had withered away.

The pleasure of the evening was spoiled, and with many tears did little Nellie renew her resolution to be in future a more thoughtful, considerate little girl.

Among her birthday presents, were a pair of beautiful white rabbits, from her Cousin Fred, who lived many miles away. They were dear little creatures, with their soft, snowy coats, their long graceful ears and twinkling pink eyes. Nellie was in an ecstasy of delight when she saw them, and soon forgot her sorrow for the faded rose. The gardener did not like to have them run at large, they were so destructive to the plants and shrubs, and therefore proposed making a nice little home for them, in the loft of the house where his garden tools and seeds were kept. Nellie was devoted to her little pets, and would allow no one else to feed or take care of them. A month had passed by, and most of the household had forgotten about the rabbits, as they were in nobody's care but Nellie's. She was soon to go away from home for a few weeks' visit to some cousins in the city, and her little head was quite turned with the preparations going on. The pretty silver-gray travelling dress, with its black velvet trimmings, and all the other new garments her mother saw fit to provide for her, took up all her time and thoughts. She grew very industrious, and helped the sewing-woman for several days, sewing up plenty of seams wrong side out, and setting on buttons rather out of place; but everybody petted her, and the dress-maker had plenty of time, as she worked by the day, and nobody found fault. The day before her departure, she was giving her last charges to the servants, about her own little matters, and among others, it flashed into her mind that some one must feed her rabbits. *Her rabbits!* How long it had been since she had thought of them? And dropping everything, she dashed down the garden walk, and up the rough stairs to the little pen where they were shut up. Poor things! there they lay dead, dead! Starved to death! Oh, what bitter tears Nellie shed, and how she reproached herself. Her mother did not check her; she hoped the pain might teach her a lesson, which she so much needed. And time proved that it was not lost upon her. She had a *teachable spirit*, and it is only such children that ever learn to correct their faults. Her mother tried to impress upon her mind, that if she continued so thoughtless, she might, one day, neglect a mother, just as she had done her rabbits, and realize it too late to make her sorrow of any avail. She made her visit as she had promised, but returned on the very earliest day set for her, despite her cousins' entreaties to

stay longer; she feared some evil might happen to her mother while she was absent. She returned to her home to spend more time by her mother's side than she had ever done before, and became, at length, quite a victor over her fickleness.

If any children who read this find that they are disposed to cultivate a similar habit. I hope they will "right about face," and break it up as quickly as they possibly can. It will be certain to save a world of trouble for themselves and all who associate with them.

EASY LESSONS.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Come, little children, come with me,
Where the winds are singing merrily,
As they toss the crimson clover;
We'll walk on the hills and by the brooks,
And I'll show you stories in prettier books
Than the ones you are poring over.

Do you think you could learn to sing a song,
Though you drummed, and hummed it all day
long,
Till hands and brains were aching,
That would match the clear, untutored notes
That drop from the pretty, tender throats
Of birds, when the day is breaking?

Did you ever read, on any page,
Though written with all the wisdom of age,
And all the truth of preaching,
Any lesson that taught you so plain
Content with your humble work and gain,
As the golden bee is teaching?

For see, as she floats on her airy wings,
How she sings and works, and works and sings,
Never stopping nor staying;
Showing us clearly what to do
To make of duty a pleasure, too,
And to make our work but playing.

Do you suppose that a book can tell
Maxims of prudence, half so well
As the little ant, who is telling
To man, as she patiently goes and comes,
Bearing her precious grains and crumbs,
How want is kept from the dwelling?

Whatever a story can teach to you
Of the good a little thing may do,
The hidden brook is showing,
Whose quiet way is only seen
Because of its banks, so fresh and green,
And the flowers beside it growing.

If we go where the golden lily grows,
Where, clothed in raiment fine, she glows
Like a king in all his glory,
And ponder over each precious leaf,
We shall find there, written bright and brief,
The words of a wondrous story.

We shall learn the beautiful lesson there
That our Heavenly Father's loving care,
Even the lily winneth;
For rich in beauty thus she stands,
Arrayed by His gracious, tender hands,
Though she toileth not, nor spinneth.

There isn't a blossom under our feet,
But has some teaching, short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing;
And the roughest hedge, or the sharpest thorn,
Is blest with a power to guard or warn,
If we will but heed its showing.

So do not spoil your happy looks
By poring always over your books,
Written by scholars and sages;
For there's many a lesson in brooks or birds,
Told in plainer and prettier words
Than those in your printed pages.

And yet, I would not have you think
No wisdom comes through pen and ink,
And all books are dull and dreary;
For not all of life can be pleasant play,
Nor every day a holiday,
And tasks must be hard and weary.

And that is the very reason why
I would have you learn from earth and sky
Their lessons of good, and heed them;
For there our Father, with loving hand,
Writes truths that a child may understand,
So plain that a child can read them.

DO-NOTHING YOUNG LADIES.

At a recent social gathering, a young lady informed me that she never sewed! What do you suppose was the nature of my reflections on hearing that declaration? I said to myself, either that girl speaks falsely, or else she is very lazy. Never sews! Who then, I queried, makes your dresses and cloaks, your skirts and bows? Who repairs the rips in your pretty gaiter boots, and darns the holes in your stockings? Is it your aged mother, or your more industrious sister? Or do you hire all your sewing done? Should this last supposition be the case, may you never marry! And the chances are you never will. Not one young man in a hundred can afford to marry a woman who habitually neglects household duties. Young man, if it should ever be your fortune to hear a young woman declare that she never sews, beware! Shun her as you would the chills and fever. Be insane enough to make such a one your wife, and before the honey-moon is over, the horrors of buttonless shirts and heelless hose will be upon you; your fair lady's sewing would be done by others, while she moped in idleness, or rioted in fashionable dissipation. Then farewell to your dreams of domestic felicity; they would fade as summer flowers at the touch of frost.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

TO MY WIFE,

On the Ninth Anniversary of her Marriage.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Nine years ago you came to me,
And nestled on my breast,
A soft and winged mystery
That settled here to rest;
And my heart rocked its Babe of bliss,
And soothed its Child of air,
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,
To keep it nestling there.

At first I thought the fairy form
Too spirit-soft and good
To fill my poor, low nest with warm
And wifely womanhood.
But such a cosy peep of home
Did your dear eyes unfold;
And in their deep and dewy gloom,
What tales of love were told!

In dreamy curves your beauty drooped,
As tendrils lean to twine,
And very graciously they stooped
To bear their fruit, my Vine!
To bear such blessed fruit of love
As tenderly increased
Among the ripe vine-bunches of
Your balmy-breathing breast.

We cannot boast to have bickered not,
Since you and I were wed;
We have not lived the smoothest lot,
Nor found the downiest bed!
Time hath not passed o'er head in stars,
And under foot in flowers,
With wings that slept on fragrant airs
Thro' all the happy hours.

It is our way, more fate than fault,
Love's cloudy fire to clear;
To find some virtue in the salt
That sparkles in a tear!
Pray God it all come right at last,
Pray God it so befall,
That when our day of life is past,
The end may crown it all.

THE BROOKSIDE.

BY E. M. MILNER.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still,
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird—
But the beating of my own heart!
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind!
It drew me nearer—nearer,
We did not speak a word;
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

MY BIRD.

BY EMILY JUDSON.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O, God, Thou hast a fountain stirred
Whose waters never more may rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, to me Thy hand hath given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise,
Hear, O, my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel-plumage there!

TO A BIRD SINGING.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

WM. DRUMMOND.
(135)

THRENODIA.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

How peacefully they rest,
Crossfolded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands that ne'er were still
before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore;
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm.

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandal's clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither; so his stay
With us was short; and 'twas most meet
That he should be no deliver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God,
O blest word—evermore!

MAIDENHOOD.

BY E. W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Be a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth;
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

"WHO COMES THIS WAY."

The title of a picture in the possession of Andrew McCormick, Esq., to whom the following poem is inscribed,

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN REAN.

The children said,
"Who comes this way?"

Down thro' the garden and out of the gate,
As if two bright blossoms had stepped from their
stems

Transformed into mortals—with pleasure elate
Two beautiful children, humanity's gems,
Came dancing to see how the uprisen day
Turned the dust into gold on the hilly highway.

The children said,
"Who comes this way?"

The girl and the boy stood there shading their eyes
To gaze at the glorious tents of the morn;
The sun looked them full in the face with surprise
And clothed them with splendor, which scarce could
adorn

The brightness so fresh from God's wonderful hand,
In the Eden where only such beauty is planned.

The children said,
"Who comes this way?"

A figure whose feet left deep prints in the dust
Like miniature graves, such as only death treads—
An angel he seemed—so the children with trust—
Looked up as he laid his cold hand on their heads.
A garland of lilies he placed on their hair
Then sighed and passed on as one laden with care.

The children said,
"Who comes this way?"

The air stood a-flush with a roseate light,
And the sky seemed a-tremble with wonderful
psalms,
As the beautiful Shepherd walked over the height
And beheld at the wayside his two stricken lambs;
Then tenderly taking them up in his hold
He bore them away to His well-guarded fold.

The angels said,
"Who comes this way?"

And chanted the question far down the blue field—
A pasture besprinkled with flowery stars;
But as soon as they saw the sweet vision revealed
On hinges of music they swung the great bars—
Then up to the Father's broad mansion he trod,
And laid them to rest in the shadow of God.

THE OLD AND NEW.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That of all good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For older time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste; or bind that in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears,
Vain tears for that which never may arrive.
Meanwhile, the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whatever of good, though small, the Present brings.
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCLE.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY.

"What is it," writes a city friend, "that makes people who have always lived in the country so dissatisfied with themselves and their surroundings? It seems to me that, as a general thing, they do not half appreciate the privilege granted them of living outside of city walls, and amid all the beauties of the natural world; nor do they make use of half the comforts—nay, even luxuries—which Providence has bestowed upon them. Especially do they neglect to cultivate the little graces of life, to surround themselves with the little elegancies of refinement, which, trifling as they seem, contribute so much to our happiness and to the cultivation of our tastes. The usual excuse for such neglect, is the lack of means and of opportunity, since they are so far removed from the city, falling into the error of supposing that embellishments for our dwellings are only procurable in towns, and at most extravagant prices.

How many parlor walls in the country we have seen adorned with cheap prints, in frames of tarnished gilt, the owners apologizing therefor, with the excuse that they "live in the country," where woods, and rocks, and even the very fences are covered with beautiful ornaments which are theirs without the asking.

"La, me!" said an old country relative, as she walked up to some framed stone lichens, which hung upon my parlor wall, "who ever would have thought of making pictures of those things? Why, the old rail fence, at the end of the home-lot, is covered with 'em, as thick as bees on a honey-pot."

"Not exactly like these, aunty," I replied, "because these are stone lichens, while those grow on wood. These are finer and more delicate, and, as they adhere so closely to the rock, are more difficult to procure in perfection. Why, I spent one whole morning while I was at your house, last summer, getting this large specimen. I was very anxious to preserve it entire, and had to work with unusual caution.

"Aunty" stepped nearer to the wall, adjusted her spectacles, looked over them, and then through them at my treasure, and rendered her verdict of disapproval, "I don't think it paid."

"Why, how can you say so?" I exclaimed, in some astonishment. "I assure you, it has been very much admired since it hung here in my parlor. Just notice this delicate arabesque tracery; where is there anything in art that can compare with it? Why, an artist would go wild with delight, if he could conceive a design half so wonderful and intricate. I'm sure those frescoes you admired so much in the Cathedral, this morning, were not half so beautiful."

"Arybesk, or whatever you choose to call it," returned "aunty," "it's only common fence-moss, and make the very best out'n."

She was not convinced, I could see that; and presently she turned away from the lichens to note the other adornments of the room.

"Snake-brake, as true as I live!" was her next comment; and I found she had stumbled over my fern-basket, which stood in the window. "Where did you get those weeds?"

"Those are city plants. When I filled my fernery, this fall, I had to purchase these at the greenhouse, as

I couldn't bring them myself from the country. Therefore, they are not as choice specimens as I could have wished, though they answer my purpose very well.

"You don't call that stuff fern?" returned my guest. "No more like it than pork's like cheese. And you didn't actually pay money for it? Why, the whole swamp is full of such, at home—acres on acres of it—but it aint fern. Fern grows high, in bushes; leaf aint anything like this—excellent medicine for the blood. Break up the sticks fine, and pour hot water over 'em, and let it steep till it makes a good, strong tea. I keep a bunch of it in the garret all winter—known ever so many people cured with it. Nothing like it for erysipelas, salt-rheum, and them complaints."

"This is another variety of the same plant, aunty; but this, I suspect, is more ornamental than useful. Don't you think it's pretty, now?"

"Well, I must say it does look better'n I should suppose it would; but it's nothin' but 'snake-brake,' for all."

This seemed to condemn it in "aunty's" eyes, and so I pursued the subject no farther. I had my revenge in a few minutes.

"Now, that's what I call a pretty picture," she said, presently. "Is this some of your paintin'?"

I turned to see what had elicited so much admiration. "Fairly caught, at last, aunty; that 'picture' all grew on the old birch-tree in the woods back of your own house."

She looked incredulous, and I proceeded to explain:

"The design, you see, is a cross, standing in a bed of flowers. A delicate wreath of green is thrown around the top. Look closer, now, and you will see that the cross itself is only a piece of very delicately shaded birch-bark."

"H'm," said "aunty," to herself, "that's what you wanted birch-bark for. I thought 'twas to make tea for the children, when they had the fever. I'm sure I never thought 'twas good for much, except to put in beer."

"Then these beautiful bits of bright red are only little gems of wood-moss, which I found on the roots of the same tree. The little lavender cups are other varieties of the same, and the greens, and wood-browns are such as carpet the grove from one end to the other."

"I never saw them, I'm sure."

"Only because you never looked for them," I replied, "or rather, because they are so familiar to you from childhood, that you never took note of their beauty. I really think we city people have a much keener appreciation of the beauties of the country than residents of the country themselves. Country life means, to you, so many bushels of grain; so many head of cattle; so many pumpkins, carrots, and potatoes; so many pigs to butcher before Christmas; so many tons of hay to be housed before 'Fourth of July.' Now, the country means, to me, one month of continuous delight, searching for gems of beauty in the great 'wonder-book' of nature. I look forward to it, for weeks, with most joyous anticipations, and the memory of its beauty lingers with me always. You see, I bring all

of it that I can, to the city with me. Give me the materials that I gather there—a quantity of Bristol-board, and a bottle of mucilage, and I will paint such pictures as these for months together. It has often been rare entertainment for me, during long winter evenings."

"Aunt" received my lecture very quietly, a fact which led me to think she hadn't been listening to me at all. When I paused, she said—"I've an 'idea.'"

What "aunt's" "idea" was, and how we put it into execution, we shall find out at the next gathering of the *Home Circle*.

"WHY DON'T HE COME?"

PART FIRST.

(Six Weeks after Marriage.)

BY MRS. MARY LATIMER CLARK.

The linden trees beside the door
Their heavy, lengthened shadows cast,
And, seeking now their leafy homes,
The singing birds fly swiftly past.
"Why don't he come?"

The last faint tint the sunset left
Is slowly fading from the west;
The weary blossoms droop their heads,
The night-winds hush them all to rest.
"Why don't he come?"

All things are waiting his return,
His dressing-gown, his easy chair,
The slippers for his weary feet,
His tea, his paper, all are there.
"Why don't he come?"

When he is absent from my side,
How slowly pass the moments by;
When in his sunny smile I bask,
How lightning-swift the hours fly!
"Why don't he come?"

A step along the garden-walk,
Like music falls upon my ear,
Well that familiar tread I know,
The long-expected one is here!
Joy! he is come!

PART SECOND.

(Six Years after Marriage.)

I do declare, it is enough

To try a saint—it is, indeed!
Men's promises, to lean upon,
Are, at the best, a broken reed.
"Why don't he come?"

He said he'd be at home at one,
And now the clock says almost two,
And everything is overdone
Or cold; what shall I ever do?
"Why don't he come?"

I wish the friends of woman's rights
Would hasten on the glorious day
When men will have the work to do,
And women all will have their way.
"Why don't he come?"

Ah, there he is! How slow he walks!
So coolly puffing his cigar;
And, bless my eyes! three strangers, too;
I'm sure I don't know who they are.
What made them come?

But 'twill not do to frown or scold
At him before the strangers go;
I'll smile my sweetest, while they're here,
But when they're gone, I'll surely know
"What made them come!"

HOME HINTS AND HAPPENINGS

EDITED BY F. H. STAUFFER.

31. God looks upon those with an eye of favor who sincerely look up to Him with an eye of faith.

32. Cultivate genial tastes. Carry your joys in your face, and your griefs in your pocket. If you can discover any good in evil, any jewel in the toad's head, accept it, and make the best of it.

33. A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow-creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

34. A delicate little girl stole noiselessly to her mother's side. She watched the needle flashing out and in through the cambric for a minute, and then said, in a low, tremulous voice:—"Dear mother, I have broken your china vase."

"You have? You are a vexatious, wicked thing!" The mother spoke harshly, and her eyes flashed angrily. "Go to bed, immediately. You shall have no supper."

With a disheartened, disappointed look, the little girl glided out of the room. She crept up the dark stairs, and sobbed herself to sleep, with her face buried in her pillow. Was that the proper way in which to answer the trembling little culprit? Had she not struggled against the temptation to tell a falsehood, and come out conqueror? It does not take much to crush the "sweet flower of truth" in the hearts of some children.

35. He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is most fortunate who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

36. The parent who would train up his child in the way he should go, must go the way he would train up his child in.

37. Some women wear their masks in public; others wear them at home. The latter are more the subjects of pity. Do they at all times deceive the loved ones? The instincts of a child may detect them; the veriest trifles may betray them. In the first attempt made by Mary, Queen of Scots, to escape from Lochleven Castle, she disguised herself as a laundress, with whom she had exchanged clothes; but when seated in the boat, and putting off from shore, she betrayed herself by lifting her hand to her head. The whiteness and extreme beauty of her hand discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber, in bitterness and tears.

38. A man may purchase success in business at too dear a price. He may barter away a pair of good eyes, a sound nervous system, a healthy digestion, and the opportunities for recreation and improvement for a few extra thousand dollars, and he is far less shrewd in this than in his ordinary business transactions. Your prosperous man frequently trades off his wife and children. Some of the eastern nations buy their wives; but we often sell ours, and pocket the profits. And when the successful man has amassed a fortune, what sort of a home has he for his enjoyment? The statuary that he has put there, rebukes the mock life around it; and the paintings on the walls, that ought to be significant emblems of the joy and brightness of his family, only suggest the dreams that his youth had indulged in. Men ought to know that while home is not a hard master, nor an inexorable tyrant, it is yet a divine authority, whose laws are not to be trampled upon with impunity. It will not let the offender escape. Errors of judgment are held to a strict accountability, as well as vices of conduct. Wives and

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children need something besides good sentiments and full purses. They want attention, counsel, sympathy, heart-succor, and heart-support.

39. The satisfaction of a want, to-day, is too apt to be the basis of a new desire to-morrow.

40. "I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and was contented with my lot." That is as brief and precious as the tiny vials of otto of roses, put up in that poet's enchanted lands.

POETRY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY ALMENA O. S. ALLARD.

There is poetry in the snowy collar that encircles your husband's neck—in the graceful needle-work which has bloomed into forms of beauty upon his slippers. But the sweet and tender poem of household work, is the little clothing which your hands have made for "baby." What a beautiful stanza to the mother's heart is the tiny sack, with its dainty leaves and flower-bells—the miniature vine, a poetic expression of the fragrant love, which encircles its helpless innocence.

There is poetry in shining table-linen, traversed by folds suggestive of order and neatness—in polished spoons and "reflecting" knives; and in all the well-ordered appointments which constitute the cheerful home.

It is a sad mistake, when we neglect the *real* for the *ideal*; for the former is the *root*, from which grows the *flower-stalk*; the blossom of which is the fragrant *ideal*.

My desponding sentimental friend, don't sit down in disorder to mourn over your ungenial destiny, and thus allow morbid thoughts to darken your life with the mildew and mould of inaction; but seize the nearest object which needs your attention, and by brightening it, you will brighten your own spirits; until, if you steadily pursue this course, you will find beauty in homely, every-day life, even as flowers grow from rocks, or push their loving faces through the pale, cold snows.

The Christian scheme, it has been truly said, takes knowledge of no rank and provides for no aristocracy except as far as obedience to Divine laws reveals and enforces such distinctions. As says Tennyson, with charming simplicity:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood."

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of 14 letters. My 1, 6, 12, is that which is worn by a boy on his head; my 4, 8, 11, 3, 14, is a hard substance, and often thrown by juvenile offenders; my 13, 9, 7, 10, 14, 5, is an English bird; my 4, 8, 6, 12, 13, 14, is an iron fixture; my 1, 6, 8, is a domestic animal; my 4, 8, 11, 12, is to desert; my 2, 10, is a preposition; my 12, 13, 6, 10, 5, is a thing seen in a garden; and my whole is one of the largest towns in Turkey.

II.

CHARADE.

I'm often run, I'm often won;

Transposed, I'm but a measure;

Transposed again, I'm used by men

To gain and guard their treasure.

III.

CHARADE.

My *first's* an article of dress;

A color forms my *second*.

When man allows my dreadful *whole*

To sway and subjugate his soul,

A fiend he may be reckoned.

IV.

CHARADE.

Just take one of the baby's best friends,

And cut off the poor creature's head;

Re-arrange, then, the part that is left,

And a practical joke's there instead.

Now cut off the head of the joke,

I make easy whatever you do;

Next curtail me, and then you will find

What's left, to be just me and you.

V.

CHARADE.

Of value great I'm thought—

From ocean I am brought;

Behold me, I'm a noble;

Curtail me, I'm a fruit;

Behold me and curtail me,

I'm a listener most acute.

VI.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What sort of a throat is the best for a singer to reach the high notes with? A *soar* throat.

2. When are soldiers like babies? When they are "in arms."

3. Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

4. When has a lady more water in her system than when she has a cataract in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall in her poll, and her shoes high-tied? When she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

5. What is the earliest mention of a Banking transaction? When Pharaoh received a check (cheque) on the bank of the Red Sea, which was crossed by Moses and Aaron.

6. Why are watches the most modest things in the world? Because they always have their hands before their face, and, however good their works may be, they always run them down.

7. Why is a hedgehog of vegetable origin? Because he is the offspring of a prickly-pear (pair).

8. How many days belong to the year? 325—the rest are Lent.

9. *Quel est le plus ancien des évêques? L'évêque de Milan (mille ans).*

10. How many dog-days are there? As many as dogs, for "every dog has his day."

11. Which is the best way to retain a lady's affections? Not to return them.

12. What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home.

13. Why is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fenians? Because it quickens their apprehension.

14. When does an Irishman most resemble a Scotchman? Why, when he's kilt entirely.

15. What sort of a day would be a good one for "Running for a cup?" A muggy day.

16. What is the best way to curb a wild young man? To bridal him.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN JANUARY NUMBER.—1. Constance. 2. Herald. 3. Harebell. 4. Ocean—Canoe

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

KEEPING EGGS.—In one of your late numbers, I noticed several methods of keeping eggs, and I now send you mine, by which I have kept eggs six months, and, in fact, have never lost an egg since adopting it. I have a shallow box with a lid, and holes bored with a "bit," only *half through* the bottom, just far enough apart so that the eggs will stand in them on the small end. My box is twenty-five and a half inches long, (on the outside) thirteen inches wide, and three and a half inches deep, exclusive of the cover, and will hold ninety-eight eggs. One of my friends has a little frame, made with two shelves, and the holes go clear through, in which she sets the eggs in the same manner, and they keep equally well. This is the easiest method I know of, and has certainly proved good with us, and, I think, deserves to be made public.

J. C. S.

APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, core, and quarter half-a-dozen good-sized apples, and throw them into cold water, to preserve their whiteness. Boil them in a saucepan till they are soft enough to mash—it is impossible to specify any particular time, as some apples cook much more speedily than others. When done, bruise them to a pulp, put in a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg, and sweeten them to taste. Put into the saucepan only sufficient water to prevent them burning. Some persons put the apples in a stone jar, placed in boiling water; there is then no danger of their catching.

OYSTERS STEWED.—Scald the oysters in their own liquor; then take them out, beard them, and strain the liquor carefully from grit. Put into a stewpan an ounce of butter, with sufficient flour dredged in to dry it up; add the oyster liquor, and a blade of pounded mace, a little cayenne, and a very little salt to taste;

stir it well over a brisk fire with a wooden spoon, and when it comes to the boil, throw in your oysters, say a dozen and a half or a score, and a good tablespoonful of cream, or more, if you have it at hand. Shake the pan over the fire, and let it simmer for one or two minutes, but not any longer, and do not let it boil, or the fish will harden. Serve in a hot dish, garnished with sippets of toasted bread.

CANARY PUDDING.—Take three eggs, and their weight in sugar and butter; melt the latter without oiling it, add to it the sugar and the rind of one small lemon, very finely minced, and then gradually dredge in as much flour as is equal to two of the eggs. Stir the mixture thoroughly; whisk and beat well the eggs, and add them lastly. Again mix well together all the ingredients, and boil for two hours, in a buttered mould or basin. Serve with sweet or wine sauce.

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor old tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

SCOTCH CAKES.—Three-quarters pound of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of lump sugar, and ammonia about the size of a hazel-nut; warm the butter in a little milk, and mix the whole into a stiff paste. Cut into small rounds, and bake in a cool oven.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

The short skirt is now a clearly-established "fashion" among us. The walking-dress is now cut not only looped above a false under-skirt, a broad band of the same material sewn on a little above and inside of the festoons, doing duty for a jupon, but simple tunics, variously cut and shaped, hang over a short under-skirt, which only reaches the ankle. The feet of the wearer are protected from too much exposure to observation by Polish boots ascending about four inches and a half up the leg, where they are cut to a point in front, and ornamented with tassels.

Some of the petticoats are futed like a piano-forte silk, others are plain. In Paris, blue scarlet, and mauve merino skirts are in vogue. The tunic is either black or gray, and the tight-fitting jacket, with peplum ends, either corresponds with the petticoat or the dress, according to the taste of the wearer. Some dresses have the body *en suite* with the dress-skirt or tunic, and the sleeves and peplum to match the petti-

coat. Most of the short skirts that we have remarked in London, are of black *glacé* or *gros grain*, the whole toilet of the same material. Some of the tunics are straight at the hem, much shorter in front than behind, with a graceful slope. Others equal in all parts, and ornamented simply with a few rows of ribbon, velvet, or braid.

Hair is still dressed on the top of the head, off the forehead, and high in front, where it is generally waved, and in very large round flat chignons behind.

Crinoline is declared to be doomed. Certainly it is greatly reduced in size during the last two months, and possibly it may disappear altogether.

The favorite mantle shape is the peplum, with a loose, paletot back—that is, short before and behind, but presenting two long vandyked peaks below each hip. These may be made short, like jackets, or as long as shawls. Peplums added to the dress are much worn indoors, and look very stylish. A very low corslet, with shoulder-straps, is also stylish.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This authoress has struck a new and popular vein in the subjects of which she writes. The class of persons which she seeks mainly to interest, are those youth just on the border land of maturity, too old to be children, and yet hardly to be denominated as young gentlemen and ladies. Hitherto, story-books of a character to interest and profit young persons of this age, have been exceedingly rare. Childish stories have ceased to amuse, and the more solid works of grown-up people fail to attract. Hence, for lack of suitable material, their minds have been largely fed upon the sensation novels of Mrs. Southworth, and other similar publications of our day; drinking in their unhealthy excitement, and gaining nothing in moral purity therefrom. Girls, from thirteen to sixteen especially, have been subjected to these influences, and, therefore, we are glad to note that it is for such girls, more particularly, that Mrs. Whitney has written this delightful book. Fresh, and simple, and pure, the story is made up of incidents of everyday life. Leslie Goldthwaite, the central figure of the pleasant group of characters here introduced, is a young, fresh country girl, who spends a summer with a party of friends among the White Mountains. The manner in which the authoress has depicted the character of her little heroine, is truly charming. It is thoroughly girlish from beginning to end. She is not pert, or forward, or precocious—nor is she rendered unnaturally good, in order to be interesting—it is the picture of a simple-hearted, unaffected American girl, a shade more thoughtful than some, perhaps, but only reflecting what almost any girl might be, surrounded with the same influences. And one thing we desire especially to commend, the authoress has left her completely girlish at the end of the story. She has not, in a single summer, developed love, poetry, romance, and matrimony, in this Miss of fifteen, as many writers would have done, fearing lest there should be incompleteness in the work. Whether or no we have another volume of Leslie's after fortunes, we shall never regret that we last saw her on the day of the grand "tableaux," just the honest-hearted Leslie we followed through the summer, doing good, though quite unconsciously, and developing that which was lovely and attractive in those about her.

THE DAYTONS AND THE DAYTONS. By the author of "The Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd.

"The Schönberg Cotta Family" received such a welcome in America as has been accorded to few foreign publications. It has been universally read, and the announcement of a new volume by the same author is sufficient to secure it at once a favorable reception. There have been intermediate works of similar nature from the pen of Mrs. Charles, concerning the merits of which there have been great diversities of opinion among our people; but we think all who read the present volume will consider it a fitting companion for the original favorite, the "Cotta Family." In this work is depicted the everyday life of persons living in the times of Cromwell. As these scenes are of comparatively modern date,

and familiar matters of history—and particularly as they are connected with events in the lives of our own ancestry, and tend to show the development of Puritanism in England and America, we can but feel a very deep interest in them. They are recorded in the writer's own peculiar style, and savor of the quaintness and simplicity of those olden times.

DARTLE GAP; OR, WHETHER IT PAID. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: William V. Spencer.

That Miss Townsend has gained rapidly in breadth and depth of thought, and acquired much in elegance of style during the last few years, we think none can deny who accord to this book a careful perusal. There is an earnestness of tone, a high moral purpose underlying the mere story, which cannot fail to impress even the most casual reader. In *Rusha Daryll*, with no attempt at heroics, we have a conception of pure, true womanhood, such as is rarely to be found in a work of fiction. The other characters are admirably portrayed, and the whole book is one which we take great pleasure in commending to the notice of the public.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY. By Marion Harland. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Here we have, in most elegant dress, rendered beautiful as art can make it, that well-deserving little story which all who read *Godey's Lady's Book* will remember, called "Nettie's Prayer." We regret that this charming volume did not reach us in season for a holiday announcement, as it is emphatically one of the most attractive books that have been issued during the past year. It is not yet too late to recommend it as a gift book to all who may be wishing to purchase something suitable for a present to a friend. Beside the little sketch referred to, there is also contained in this volume the sensible, practical "Talk with Mothers," which all who have the care of children may read with pleasure and profit.

"THE FAIRER GOSPEL." By the author of *Mary Powell*. New York: M. W. Dodd.

This quaint narrative is put in the form of personal recollections purporting to have been recorded by a dusty old book-worm, "a reverend and clerly gentleman," one Master Nicholas Moldwarp, and relates to the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the fair martyr, Mistress Anne Askew. Such works as this are historically valuable beyond their intrinsic literary merit, while to the lover of romance, they present all the charms belonging to stories of purely fictitious character. The book is really delightful, and a prize to every one who may possess it.

The new fortnightly magazine, *The Galaxy*, will shortly begin the publication of a new novel of American life, entitled "Waiting for the Verdict," by the author of "Margaret Howth."

It is declared now, and not contradicted, that Professor Seeley, of London University, is author of "Ecce Homo." Mr. Seeley is son of an eminent religious publisher in London.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

SOCIAL CRITICISM.

That old proverb, that the "faults of the dead should lie buried with them," had its origin in a feeling that does honor to human nature. Beneath that final covering of sods and grasses, it seems fitting that all weaknesses, infirmities, faults, should be laid away as we lay away the forms and faces we have known and loved. Yet, every human soul perpetuates its own lineaments, and the effect of our living remains for good or for evil, long after we have become "dust impalpable."

Generations of men and women are warped by our leaving undone the right thing or doing the wrong one; and from the graves of the dead there are voices that call to us which it may be well to heed.

I think one of these warning voices comes to us from the grave of a great man—great in intellect, in genius; the thoughts he has left us, builded up into an enduring monument of his rare power, enriching our language and literature, and yet combining with all this a character painfully lacking in moral greatness, warped by suspicion, jealousy, envy and malignity.

Have you divined already that it is of Alexander Pope I am speaking? I know, too, that this man had much to struggle with? Think of the keen, sensitive poet-soul, bound to the weaknesses and infirmities of a body that made him a perpetual invalid! Poor Pope!

And then, too, there were the early struggles with poverty and pain! But, then, Johnson had all that, and though all the long years of hard battle with starvation made a sort of bear of the strong, rugged nature, they never could harden the gentle, tender, childlike heart that throbbed within that huge, ungainly figure.

Look at Oliver Goldsmith, too; hunger, and cold, and raggedness—these make up the foreground of his life for years. And yet how the man's kindly soul plays and sparkles through all—how the mirth bubbles over, and sheds its own soft light, and lends its peculiar pathos to all those scenes of sordid wretchedness. The heart of this man was not turned to gall and bitterness, like Pope's—Pope, who stabbed his enemy in the dark, and dipped the arrow in the poison of his own envy and bitterness.

I suppose, too, that, like Pope's, a great deal of the petty social gossip, criticism, dissection, which is so common in our own day, and at our own tables and firesides, has its root in some unconscious envy or jealousy. But a great deal of it, I honestly believe, springs from more superficial causes—from idleness, curiosity, and other small vices.

Some people seem to have an inveterate habit of "picking others to pieces." Of course, this habit is always a proof of something wrong in character, something narrow, barren, petty, if nothing worse. You have seen such people, reader; you can count them by scores—I pray Heaven you be not of their number—who are a sort of moral vulture, ready to pounce upon the weaknesses, the infirmities, the mental and moral idiosyncrasies of others. You never leave the room without being certain that you will be the next victim; that, as soon as your back is turned, you, too, must undergo the merciless dissection which has not spared others as good or better than yourself.

(142)

Now, what a miserable, pernicious, mischievous tendency this is! It must inevitably narrow and belittle the mind and heart which indulge in it. No nature, it seems to me, can grow sweet, large, ripe, symmetrical, with such a habit clinging to it. Then you always feel uneasy before people who have this proclivity to social criticism. How can it, in the nature of things, be otherwise?

We all know what a sense of warmth and comfort it gives to be thrown into the atmosphere of those good-natured, easy-going people, who never see your faults and shortcomings—who are always satisfied with themselves and you, and everything in the world. But fine discernment and swift penetration may co-exist with the charity that loves to hide the wrong and infirmities of human nature.

The most critical people are, as a class, narrow, superficial, with their own standards and limited horizon, and little Procrustean beds. You know how it was in the time of James the First, or thereabouts, when all the world was seething with religious doubts, and fears, and prejudices. Some people had doubts about teaching the Latin grammar, because the names of Mars, Bacchus and Apollo occurred in it. Poor, narrow, purblind souls! And yet honest enough in their ignorance and prejudices, I dare say.

The type is not extinct. There are plenty of people, bound up in prejudices and bigotries, who have their little touchstones to test all character, their little codes of formulas and rules for all people and circumstances, not seeing how each human individuality is in a large sense "a law unto itself."

The days when men mouldered in prisons, and were dragged to the torture and the stake for a point of the creed, are past—thank God! But I often feel that something of the old spirit still lingers in our midst, when I hear the harsh, carping, illiberal meddling tone of much of our social criticism.

Mental cultivation will, no doubt, go far to correct this tendency—a woman of large breadth of mind and thought is much less likely to be cynical and narrow in her judgments of others, than one who has never had her mental vision widened, nor her faculties stimulated by study.

But, as we have seen, no weight of learning, no powers of genius, can prevent the existence of anger, and bitterness, and jealousy, so it is only a true and loving heart, a finely tempered and lofty soul who will not yield at times to these impulses towards harsh and ungenerous judgments of our kind which, I suppose, assail us all.

Dear reader, we all know after whose moral lineaments our own souls must seek to shape themselves. Blurred and defaced at the best, the result will be; but the cherishing of kindly and generous thought and feeling, which will be certain to exhibit itself in gentle and generous judgment of others, is one of the smaller duties, helping to mould our souls into that likeness of which David said: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with it."

V. F. Z.

There still exists, among well informed French people, a tradition that in England a husband commonly puts a halter round his wife's neck, leads her to Smithfield, and sells her to the highest bidder.

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VOL XI

A WORD ABOUT THE FASHIONS.

One would think upon entering a fashionable assemblage of the present day, that the pictures of our grandmothers had been endowed with life, and suddenly stepped from their dusty frames to join once more in scenes of revelry upon earth. Gradually the styles of dress which were in favor a hundred years ago, have been adopted again by our modern belles. The hair, which now for a long time has been dressed low at the back of the head, changing from plaits to twists, and from twists to coils, terminating finally in the huge excrescence, unnatural and abominable, generally termed "a waterfall," has now changed its position to the upper part of the head, and amongst our ultra fashionables protrudes like an immense wen from the very apex of the crown.

We human beings are certainly very singular in a great many particulars, and perhaps in none more so than in the adaptations of our tastes and fancies. When the "fickle goddess" first imposes a new law of dress upon her votaries, we rebel against it, and receive it with ridicule, and as a class adopt it reluctantly; then we begin to discover that to certain individuals it is very becoming, (there is never a fashion which is not suited to some persons, and there are always some women made by nature so beautiful that they grace anything, however ugly), and finally we receive it into full favor, and at the last part from it with great reluctance. Thus, in the present instance, though the prevailing tendency of the hair to mass itself upon the crown is undeniably ugly—though it is a palpable departure from the intention of nature regarding its disposal (and when we make such departures, we invariably lose in elegance and grace), though it leaves the ugly cords of the neck bare, and spoils entirely the contour of the female head—though the short, frizzy curls upon the forehead detract from the true womanly expression of the countenance, and leave us only insipid, "baby faces" to admire, still, we doubt not, we shall grow to like it after a time; nay, even, perchance, to think its unnatural stiffness actually enhance the natural charms of female beauty.

One thing is certain, those numerous persons whom we have known all our lives as "croakers," who have been sighing for the "good old times," and wishing, especially, that our ladies would return to the "good old ways and customs of our grandmothers," seem likely (in this respect, at least) to meet with the immediate gratification of their desires. We doubt if these dissatisfied individuals will, after all, enjoy the change for which they have sighed so long; but the experiment will be a useful one, perhaps, as showing that possibly all vanity has not had its origin in the present generation, and we are, at worst, but clever imitators of those who have preceded us. B.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity."

"Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews."

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

Nothing could be more gratifying or encouraging than the way in which our new magazine for children has been received by the press and the people all over the country. It appears to meet a want long felt, and, therefore, gets a cordial welcome from every one. From every State in the Union come subscriptions and approval. "Just what is wanted," "Our little ones are delighted," and similar expressions meet our eyes in hundreds of letters.

In the February number will be found original articles from VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, PHOEBE CARY, REV. H. HASTINGS WELD, MRS. M. O. JOHNSON, ALICE CARY, L. A. B., author of the "Sunny Maple," T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

Already many applications have come for "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" to be supplied in quantities for Sabbath and Mission-schools, Children Lyceums, etc., etc. For these purposes, the publishers offer to make liberal deductions from the regular price, and send 20 copies, a year, for \$17; 30 copies for \$25; 50 copies \$40; or 100 copies for \$75.

They want responsible canvassing agents, male and female, in all parts of the country, to whom liberal inducements are offered.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

Quite a number of persons have already availed themselves of our offer to send a Wilcox & Gibbs' Sewing Machine as a premium for subscribers. On the second page of cover will be found a full statement of the terms on which the machine will be sent.

In answer to many inquiries as to whether "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" could not be included in the Sewing Machine arrangement, we will say *yes*. In making up the list of subscribers, let *two* of the Children's Hour count as *one* Home Magazine. Between the two magazines, the full number required to get the machine can in most cases be obtained.

Through the means we here offer, poor women who are unable to buy Sewing Machines, may be helped by their neighbors who are better off, in a pleasant and easy way. Let a subscription for *Home Magazine* be started, and if the full number of subscribers to secure the machine for nothing cannot be obtained, then make up the small sum of \$5, \$10, or \$20, that may still be required, and get a Sewing Machine worth \$56—the cash price of the manufacturers.

If any prefer a lock-stitch machine, instead of the Wilcox & Gibbs, we can send a *Howe* Sewing Machine of equal value.

For \$4.50 we send the Home Magazine and Lady's Book each one year.

For \$3.50 we will send the Lady's Book and Children's Hour.

For \$3 we will send Home Magazine and Children's Hour.

Club subscribers need not be all at the same post-office. Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rate.

Be careful, in sending subscriptions, to give the name of your post-office, county, and State. We frequently receive letters containing money, which have no post-office address.

Rev. Dr. Batten, a missionary from India, lately said: "He had never heard a hearty, happy laugh from woman outside the pale of Christianity. With every opportunity for observation, he had never seen among them a happy female face."

MASON & HAMLIN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CABINET ORGANS,
596 BROADWAY, New York.

ONE TO TWELVE STOPS, \$75 to \$1000 EACH.



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For improvements in this class of instruments, MASON & HAMLIN have been awarded

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GOLD OR SILVER MEDALS,

Or other highest premiums, within a few years. M. & H are also able to refer to almost all the most prominent musicians in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other principal cities, who will testify that the M. & H. Cabinet Organs are the best instruments of this general class in the world. They invite the most careful examination and comparisons of their instruments by the most competent judges. Especially they invite attention to the

SUPERIOR QUALITY OF TONE

Of their instruments, which will be found to be materially different from that of any other reed instrument. *The superiority of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs is derived in large measure from patented improvements which cannot be used by other makers.* In addition to the valuable features which are thus peculiar to their instruments, they supply every other improvement of value which has been effected in instruments of this class. Circulars with full particulars, sent free to any address.

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Illustrated in
 FASHIONS.



This graceful jacket is made of black velvet or silk, trimmed with jet and chalk beads. The edge is finished with a rich fringe of chalk and jet beads, matching the other trimming. The jacket is closed half way down, showing the whole waist underneath. It then slopes suddenly off to the back, where it springs into a beeque. A wide waistband encircles the waist and falls behind in two large bows.

VOL. XXII.—11

FASHIONS.

Furnished by Miss. Demorest for the Home Magazine.

BOUENNE.



No. 1.—THE TALLIEN.

No. 2.—THE CASQUETTE.

No. 1.—A very coquettish shape, slightly rustic and slightly antique, but very becoming. This is made in green velvet, and trimmed with white and crimson roses. Green velvet strings.

No. 2.—A charming little bonnet in blue satin, ornamented with a short bunch of blue curled ostrich feathers at the side, and velvet flowers, and edged with blue pompadour; blue strings; edging of white blonde.



No. 3.—THE EMPRESS.

No. 4.—EUGENIE COIFFURE.

No. 3.—A little bonnet similar to the Empire, made of thick black corded silk covered with jet and surrounded with jet pendants. Scarlet velvet flowers. Black strings.

No. 4.—The hair in this illustration is arranged in the large soft curls at the back which are now so fashionable and so effective. In front it is turned back, and lightly rolled and waved, descending in one long curl from the left side. The ornaments consist of embroidered bands and a beautiful white bird made in white corded satin, embroidered with crystal beads and bugles. The wings of the bird are also festooned with beads.



SHORT DRESS—No 1.

Dress of garnet poplin, scalloped out over a black silk petticoat, bound with black velvet. The scallops are simply bound with braid, and ornamented in each space with jet buttons. Leaves are cut out of poplin, and bound with braid, and arranged in the form of a star at the point of each of the festoons. Black velvet paleot, trimmed with jet passementerie, buttons, fringe and tassels. The scarf ends upon the cloak are simulated by silk embroidery and silk and jet buttons.



No. 1.—"VICTORIA" SLEEVE.



No. 2.—THE "VIOLET" SLEEVE.

No. 1.—This sleeve is shaped something like the old-fashioned "leg-of-mutton," but it is sufficiently loose at the wrist to slip over the hand; and at the top there is a pointed cap, which subdues the fullness and makes it less perceptible. It is a good sleeve for silk or merino, but not for any very thick material.

No. 2.—A plain sleeve, shaped to the arm and trimmed in points to simulate a cap and cuff upon the top and bottom of the sleeve. Ornamental buttons of onyx, pearl, jet or gilt, occupy the spaces.



SHORT DRESS, NO. 2.

Short suit of dark blue cloth, cut out and trimmed at every breadth to simulate overlapping vandykes. The trimming consists of heavy black braid, dotted with jet and jet buttons; that is to say, buttons dotted with jet beads. The petticoat is scarlet, striped with black. Points of paletot are finished with tassels. Hat of black velvet, beaded with jet, and ornamented with scarlet velvet leaves and flowers.



No. 1.—MISSES' CASH DRESS.

No. 1.—Party dress, for a little girl of ten years, of white alpaca, ornamented with single plating of blue silk; plaited belt of silk, with five or seven sash ends, which are attached to the belt, and extend round the skirt. High tucked waist, short full sleeves, and silk plating put on the body to form a berthe. White muslin, silk, Cashmere or mohair may be used instead of alpaca.



No. 2.—GORED APRON.

No. 2.—A very pretty gored apron for little girl of three to five years old. It may be made in birds-eye, and trimmed with washing braid in some bright colors—blue or scarlet. Simulated loops are suspended upon the pockets and the elevations formed by the trimming upon the skirt, and which are continued round at the back as well as upon the front. A straight band finishes out the body at the back, and is buttoned down with ornamental buttons.

(148) This dress was not intended to represent the dress of a child, but of a young girl, and is not to be made for a child.

(149)



DRESS PEPLUM.

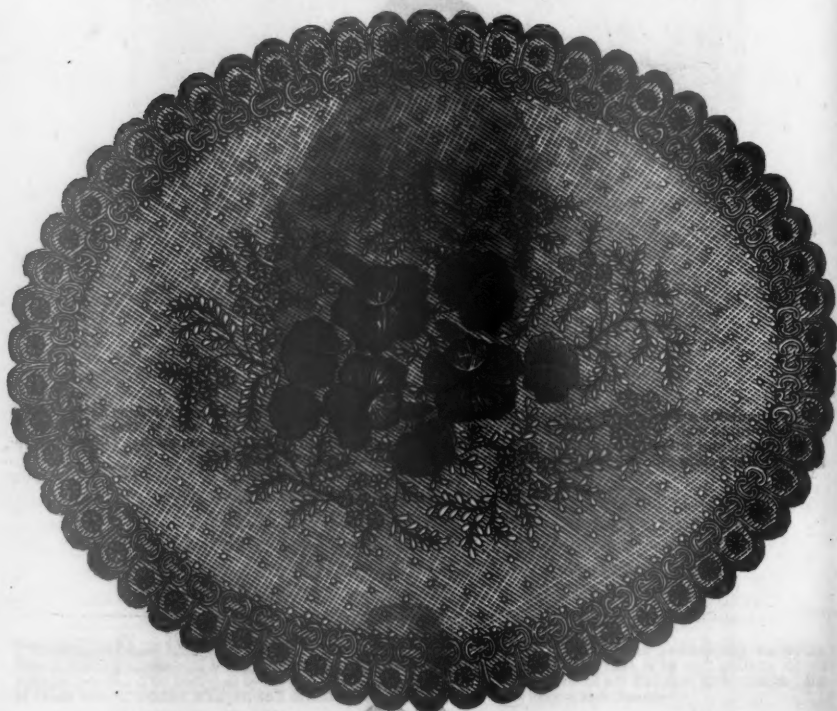
This simulates a double peplum upon the hips, the lower point being very deep and open, so as to form a double point, to which tassels are attached. The trimming consists of fringe and narrow straps of gold or silver ribbon, and small gold or silver tassels. The belt is ornamented with straps to match. This is beautiful in blue or yellow silk over a dress of white tartan or white organdie muslin.



EMPERESS DRESS.

Good dress of rich black corded silk, ornamented with wide bands of black velvet edged with jet, and forming side sashes, and two rows at a distance from the bottom of the skirt, which is finished by a cord. Black velvet buttons mixed with jet down the front, and down the back of the sleeves, which have short straps of velvet simulating button-holes. Straight-caps, cuffs, and belt of velvet edged with jet, and and buckle to the belt instead of rosettes, matching the trimming upon the skirt and sleeves.

FANCY AND USEFUL NEEDLE-WORK.



ANTIMACASSAR IN EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE OVER WHITE NET.

This pattern is a specimen of a new sort of work which is very elegant and effective. It consists of flowers, leaves, and other figures of stamped colored velvet, gummed upon a centre of embroidered net. Very pretty antimacassars and couvrettes are made in this manner. Our pattern is worked first in applique of muslin over Brussels net, then velvet flowers, crimson carnations of stamped velvet, and leaves of shaded green are gummed on in the centre, as seen in the illustration. These can easily be removed by slightly wetting them at the back each time the net requires cleaning.



FOOT-CUSHION IN BRAID-WORK.

The pattern on this cushion is so simple, that it will be easy to copy it from our illustration, although it is represented in a reduced size. It is worked in gold braid over scarlet cloth. The edge is scalloped and pinked out all round. The cushion is trimmed round with a beautiful white llama fringe, 8 inches deep. It is lined underneath with leather, and stuffed with wool. Fine black soutache may be used instead of gold braid, and will prove more durable if less elegant.